ember 1986

$2.00

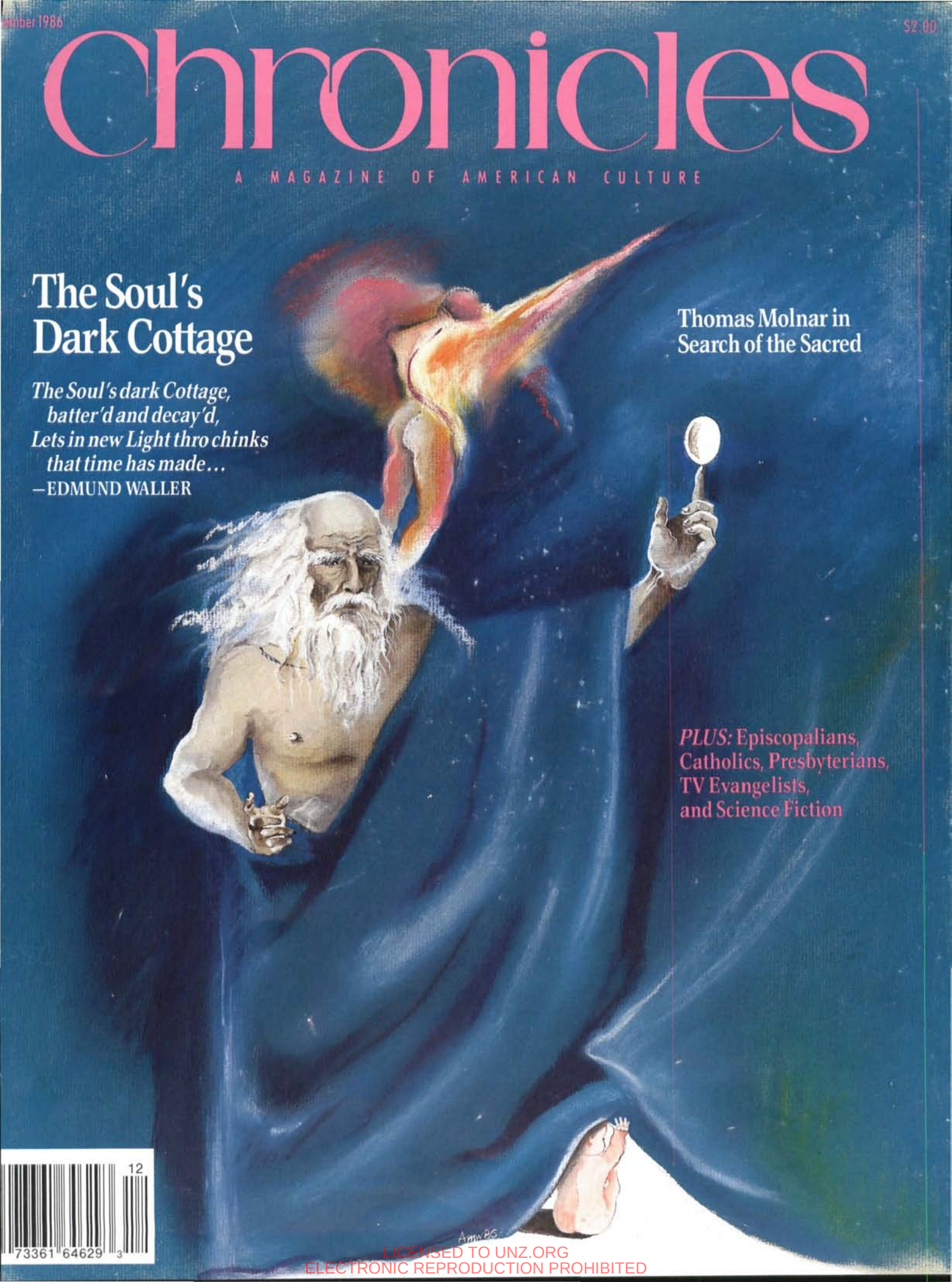
Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

The Soul's Dark Cottage

The Soul's dark Cottage,
batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro chinks
that time has made...
—EDMUND WALLER

Thomas Molnar in Search of the Sacred



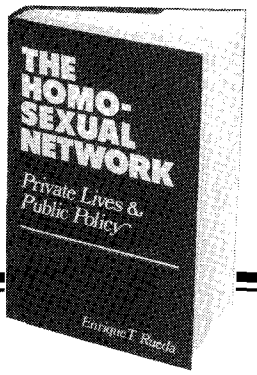
PLUS: Episcopalians, Catholics, Presbyterians, TV Evangelists, and Science Fiction

12
73361 64629 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE reference work on the subject for those committed to traditional moral values"

— Morton Blackwell
Special Assistant to the President



Here in one 700-page volume, every aspect of the homosexual movement that bears on politics, religion and social life:

Acceptability of Homosexuality in the United States • The Homosexual Subculture • Ideology of the Homosexual Movement • Goals • Homosexuality and Religion

Author Enrique Rueda is a priest who serves as director of the Catholic Center for Free Enterprise, Strong Defense, and Traditional Values. No Christian writer has ever given the subject this awesome coverage.

★ Tax-exempt and federal funds for homosexual groups. ★ "The degree of promiscuity . . . defies the imagination of those not familiar with homosexuality." ★ Liberalism and the "gay-lib" movement: ties so binding that Rueda calls liberalism "part and parcel" of the movement. ★ Homosexual teachers unite in major cities. One talks about kissing his students. ★ The Catholic bishop who claims "gays" were condemned in the Old Testament for other than moral reasons. ★ Once a homosexual, now a Christian: it does happen, but the media look the other way. ★ The links between feminism and the homosexual ideology. ★ Sample the "Gayellow Pages." ★ How homosexual men transmit disease — often to the innocent. ★ HEW study finds acceptance of homosexuality a prime goal of most sex-ed programs. ★ Voting records of prohomosexual senators and congressmen.

Let Fr. Rueda have the last word:

"As a Bible-believing Christian steeped in the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church, I believe that homosexuality is a manifestation of the sinful condition that affects mankind and each man, and that homosexual behavior is gravely sinful by the very nature of reality . . . I do not advocate the persecution of homosexuals or their condemnation on account of their condition."

CASE STUDY: *The Roman Catholic Church*

72-page study-in-depth. Fr. Rueda expounds the Church's universal teaching on the subject, then explores the campaign to chip away at it. Prohomosexual Catholic groups, Dignity and New Ways Ministry . . . key staffer at U. S. Catholic Conference/National Conference of Catholic Bishops emerges as leader of Washington homosexual movement and president of Dignity chapter, without prejudice to his job . . . internal USCC pro-Dignity memo reproduced in full . . . mixed responses to prohomosexual legislation by individual bishops . . . 16 bishops listed by New Ways for beneficial statements . . . Archbishop Weakland's ambiguous letter . . . Bishop Rosazza's letter endorsing ordination of homosexuals . . . New Ways source book on supporters: 77 dioceses, seminaries, schools, parishes, publications, theologians, etc . . . . Dignity/New York sponsors Cabaret Night, a homosexual dance at St. Francis school auditorium — on Wednesday of Holy Week . . . Women's ordination and the homosexual movement . . . prohomosexual writings by Catholic Theological Society and *Notre Dame Magazine* . . . Dignity chaplain reports that "25 percent of all priests in the Phoenix area are basically homosexual" . . . priest helps homosexual priests without condoning their practices — and is anathematized by prohomosexual Catholics . . . homosexual "marriage rituals" . . . "religious orders" . . . 21 pages from *Communication*, underground newsletter by and for homosexual priests and nuns.

Over 1,000 notes • 93 illustrations • 4 indexes: names, organizations, places, subjects • listings: "Alleged Supporters of the Homosexual Movement/Ideology" . . . Dignity Chapters . . . Integrity Chapters . . . Homosexual Synagogues . . . Homosexual Student Groups . . . Homosexual Political Organizations . . . Homosexual Interest Groups (academic, business, professional)

"A definitive statement about the realities of the current homosexual movement in America . . . . not written to appeal to prurient interests . . . but to accurately, thoroughly and dispassionately document . . . the political movement which the homosexual movement in America has become today." — Dr. Jerry Falwell

"A blockbuster! Rueda has researched the widening homosexual power-grab in our society, and in the process tells us everything we don't want to hear, but really ought to know about . . . an important book." — Rev. Charles Fiore, President, Catholics for a Moral America

How to get this $29.95 book FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, Enrique Rueda's monumental volume, ***The Homosexual Network***. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

CCUL - 16

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Offer:

COMMUNIO

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC REVIEW

Published Quarterly • Fall, 1986

Church and Economy

Articles by Hans Urs von Balthasar, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger,
Joseph Cardinal Hoffner, Norbert Lohfink,
Agostino Cardinal Casaroli

Additional articles:

Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, on the ecclesiology of the Second Vatican Council

J. Brian Benestad, on the Instruction on Christian Freedom and Liberation

Mark Jordan, on defending Catholic higher education in America

- -

Free copy of this Fall, 1986 issue of *Communio* with your one year paid subscription. Send this form with your check ($18 - 1 yr; $33 - 2 yrs) to:

Communio
P.O. Box 1046
Notre Dame, IN 46556

Name _____
Address: _____
_____
_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 10, No. 12, December 1986

THE SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE

A Publication of
The Rockford Institute:
Allan C. Carlson, President

Editor
Thomas Fleming

Associate Editor
Bryce Christensen

Copy Editor
Cynthia Calvert

Poetry Editor
Andrei Navrozov

Contributing Editors
Ronald Berman
Harold O.J. Brown
Odie Faulk
David Kaufman
E. Christian Kopff
John Shelton Reed
Joseph Schwartz

Editorial Secretary
LeAnn Manning

Publisher
Richard A. Vaughan

Art Director
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Composition Manager
Anita Fedora

Circulation Director
Theresa Lillibridge

On the Cover

Illustration on the cover and throughout the text by Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CHRONICLES (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $21 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *CHRONICLES*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103. Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054 Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811 Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

Copyright © 1986 by The Rockford Institute. All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro chinks that time has made. . . .
—EDMUND WALLER

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

Cashiered: conservative nominees in the Senate; gay dollars in Chicago; freshmen in the physics class; congressional intent in Federal courts. 6

PERSPECTIVE

Speak the Word Only 8

Like most divorces, the separation of the "is" from the "ought" has meant a bitter custody fight for the children of the 20th century.

by Thomas Fleming

VIEWS

The Search for the Sacred 11

Dante and Raphael wrote and painted within the mystery of the sacred. Claude Simon and Alberto Giacometti demand a clean, well-lighted place.

by Thomas Molnar

Olaf Stapledon: Philosopher and Fabulist 14

Britain's most philosophic author of science fiction talked left but wrote right.

by Stephen R.L. Clark

Orwell and Religion 18

Orwell slipped God and the Church down the memory hole without a protest.

by Alvaro de Silva

David Jones: The Last Liturgical Poet 20

Like a Mozart quartet in a nightclub, a Welsh poet who loved the Mass swam against the tide.

by Thomas P. McDonnell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPINIONS

Clipping the Angel's Wings 22

—*The Rustle of Language* by Roland Barthes
—*The Humiliation of the Word* by Jacques Ellul
—*Rhetoric and Form: Deconstruction at Yale* by Robert C. Davis and Ronald Schleifer

French fashions become passé among literature professors enthralled with the daring new looks in *Pravda* and *Ms.*

by Bryce J. Christensen

Sons of Jacob 26

—*The Jews Under Roman and Byzantine Rule* by M. Avi-Yonah
—*Judios, Españoles en la Edad Media* by Luis Suarez Fernandez
—*L'éclipse du sacre* by Alain de Benoist and Thomas Molnar

Rome once taught Christians how to hate the Jews, but in the battle against modern secularism, Baptists and Rabbis close ranks.

by Paul Gottfried

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Straw Men and Ideologues' 40
On McCarthy, Pro and Con

VITAL SIGNS

SCREEN

Star Dreck by Sam Karnick 42

TELEVISION

Factious Fundamentalists by Janet Scott Barlow 43

TYPEFACES

The Pope and the Press by Joseph Schwartz 46

BOOKSHELVES

Second Adam: John L. Romjue on *Jesus Through the Centuries: His Place in the History of Culture* 29

Dialogue of Self and Soul: Philip F. Lawler on *Death of the Soul: From Descartes to the Computer* 30

The Future of Private Language: William Rice on *Selected Poems* 31

Castro's Heart of Darkness: Michael Warder on *Against All Hope: The Prison Memoirs* 32

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Maryland by Martin Morse Wooster 34

Letter From the Presbytery by C.A. McGhee 35

Letter From the Heartland by Jane Greer 37

Letter From the Lower Right by John Shelton Reed 38

DEPARTMENTS

POETRY

Still by Peter Dale 13

BEST BOOKS OF 1986 9

REVISIONS

Candidates for Commitment: *Scientists of the Mind: Intellectual Founders of Modern Psychology* 10

Sauce for the Goose: *The Creation of Mythology* 16

Scholars and Shamans: *From Mohammed to the Age of Reforms* 21

BOOKS IN BRIEF 7, 24

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playboy *rights for the blind* have now been upheld by a Federal judge in (where else?) Washington. Last August, U.S. District Judge Thomas F. Hogan ruled that Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin had violated the First Amendment by dropping *Playboy* from the list of 36 magazines published in Braille at taxpayer expense by the National Library Service for the Blind and Physically Handicapped. Boorstin's decision was "viewpoint oriented," the judge complained, and therefore constituted "a type of censorship." Boorstin pointed out that he was only following the clear "sense of Congress" on the matter: Last year Congress cut $103,000 from the library's Braille budget—exactly the amount it costs to publish *Playboy* in Braille.

The Librarian of Congress is obviously too busy—or too intelligent—to read the newspapers. Anyone who follows the press knows that on everything from grade-school texts to deficit reduction, the "sense of Congress" means only that we're still waiting for some Federal judge to hand down an edict. And on "censorship" issues, every schoolboy knows where the courts stand. Compared to some of the publications protected by judicial fiat, *Playboy* is almost puritanical. Besides, blind subscribers to *Playboy* were the only ones who could honestly use the old line: "I only subscribe because of the articles." Whether it is a good thing for Federal judges to force decent Americans to subsidize a financially ailing dirty magazine is another matter. From now on, the "visually impaired" will be able to let their fingers do the wallowing at our expense. This is what comes of picturing justice as a blindfolded playmate.

Culture shock among freshmen may be reduced if proposals now before the Illinois Board of Higher Education are adopted. Here in the Prairie State (as in most states), college freshmen and sophomores must take many of their courses not from professors but from graduate Teaching Assistants. That might not be so bad if many of these TA's—especially in subjects like physics, engineering, and chemistry—were not Iraqis, Sri Lankans, or Brazilians whose knowledge of English barely suffices to order a meal or fill out a food stamps application.

Heaven knows American students *need* more foreign language exposure, but perhaps not while trying to master the Lorenz transformations or the synthesis of esters. Besides, the languages of the Third World do not open the doors to many literary or scientific masterworks. It's not as though an army of modern Aristotles or Copernicuses with difficulty speaking English had taken over our lecture halls. And it must be positively maddening to understand nothing from a foreign physics instructor except the "D's" and "F's" he marks on your quizzes.

Apparently a lot of undergraduates have been complaining to their parents. Last summer, Illinois' General Assembly tried to force the hand of the Board of Higher Education by passing a law requiring "all persons providing classroom instruction" in state colleges and universities to be "proficient in the English language." But Governor "Big Jim" Thompson vetoed the measure, complaining that the bill "would sacrifice concepts and facts for clarity of punctuation and grammar." After all, Einstein and LaFayette spoke with accents and James Madison "suffered from a major speech impediment." Both the sponsors of the legislation and the struggling undergraduates could understand the Governor's logic about as well as they can understand some of the foreigners now lecturing on differential equations and liquid chromatography in Illinois classrooms. Perhaps the good Governor feared that if undergrads ever figured out what was going on in their math and chemistry classes they might start thinking intelligently about local politics, maybe even voting.

Anyway, the Illinois Board of Education can still enact a measure beyond the Governor's veto. Admittedly, a requirement that classroom instructors speak English might leave some departments shorthanded, but things may yet work out. The Board is also studying a recommendation that all professors actually *teach* some undergraduate courses.

Cultural Conservatism is becoming a catchword in Washington circles. It is likely to remain nothing more, if we can judge from the fate of conservative scholars nominated to positions in Federal institutions of culture. The case of M.E. Bradford is the best-known example. "A gentleman and a scholar" in the highest sense, Bradford has been unable to dispel doubts in the clouded minds of Washington politicians, political appointees, and propagandists. His views are too "controversial" (read conservative) for George Will, although he has received ringing endorsements from people on the other side, e.g., Eugene Genovese. Some of Bradford's friends are privately happy to see an honest man kept out of the cesspool of government. Others are tempted to view his case in more apocalyptic terms as the symbolic rejection of the conservative mind by conservative politicians.

It looks like Bradford is going to have some company, now that three conservative scholars have failed to receive Senate confirmation for the National Council on the Humanities: E. Christian Kopff, Charles Moser, and Anthony Bouscaren. Kopff, a classical scholar and contributing editor to *Chronicles*, has piled up a remarkable set of honors and distinctions for a 40-year-old humanist.

The charges against Kopff, contained in three letters sent to the Senate by left-wing feminists, included: his connection with *Chronicles* and a lack of sympathy with Marxists, feminists, and homosexuals. Kopff pleads

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guilty to publishing articles in *Chronicles* (his Senator, Bill Armstrong, bears a similar stigma). He has also, from time to time, made fun of the excesses of campus radicals, while at the same time supporting, in his own university, the efforts of serious Marxist and feminist scholars. What really sent the "maggots on the march" (to quote the *Washington Times* story on American classicists) was an oral paper Kopff delivered on the study of classics in Fascist Italy. The paper, given as part of a panel on classics and ideology, was said to have glorified Mussolini and caused discomfort to Jewish scholars in the audience. Others who were in attendance (including *Chronicles*' editor) heard only a well-researched paper on the history of scholarship. A prominent Jewish classicist showed no hesitation in congratulating Kopff on his paper. The whole affair is ridiculous, and the net result is the loss of the classics seat on the council.

Charles Moser, professor of Slavic languages at George Washington University and a *Chronicles* contributor, likewise was denied a spot on the National Council on the Humanities for political reasons. Norman Lear's People for the American Way led the charge against Moser, accusing him of "hostility and intolerance toward diversity in scholarship." Naturally, the real problem is that Moser is a movement conservative. As a scholar, he is a director of Accuracy in Media and a supporter of Accuracy in Academia. Moser also serves as a director of the National Council for Better Education, which has attacked the National Education Association as a "propaganda front for the radical left" and which seeks to give parents greater control over their children's education.

In a recent conversation, Moser called the defeat of his nomination "part of an ongoing onslaught" against conservative appointees. Moser believes that "the Senate does not want any more active and known conservatives" named to the Humanities Council until after the Democrats have a chance of capturing the Presidency. (Moser's appointment—like Kopff's—would have lasted until 1992.) Moser said the refusal by "lockstep" Democrats and liberal Republicans to allow the President to appoint qualified nominees who share his political views constitutes a "radical change in the nomination procedure," one with "far-ranging consequences."

Other than noting the White House's reluctance to discipline maverick Republicans, Moser declined to lay any of the blame for his defeat on lack of support from the Administration or from Senator Orrin Hatch (R-UT), chairman of the Senate Labor and Human Relations Committee. Securing his nomination was "a low priority" for the White House because the Administration has "a lot more important things" demanding attention, while Senator Hatch "faces a difficult situation" on the SLHR Committee, where "a blocking majority" frustrates every conservative initiative. So much for the Reagan Revolution in the world of arts, letters, and higher education.

Kopff and Moser are, like Bradford, better off. The real loser is the Federal cultural apparatus, whose doors are open to the cynical and the uncontroversial but are, more and more, closed to the frank and uncompromising minds who leaven the heavy dough of academia. Let a scholar but speak his mind once and he forgoes any opportunity to serve his government.

"Out of the closet and into the cash register" seems to be the motto of Chicago's homosexuals. Angry over the rejection last July of a "gay rights" ordinance by Chicago's city council, homophiliac activists are now trying to make their point through the cash box. Businesses that support Greek love have started marking dollar bills with the slogan "Gay $," stamped in red. The architects of what some are calling "The Bulgarian Strategy" explained their aims to the *Chicago Tribune*: "We feel if there's enough 'Gay $' in everybody's wallet, they're going to start thinking about it. The idea is to get people to understand that all we're asking for is what they already have—the right to work and the right to live."

The strategy may well backfire. Some Chicago citizens may object to this procedure as the defacement of good money and a (formerly) good word. A pharmacy clerk interviewed by the *Chicago Tribune* was not impressed: "I think it's kind of stupid. . . . It's an immature way of getting what they wanted." She described the man who gave her the marked money as "just another weirdo." Some people may refuse marked bills for fear of contracting AIDS. Others may view the marked money as an unpleasant reminder of the tremendous public health costs catamites are now imposing on the community. (Some authorities estimate that over 20 percent of the nation's public health costs may be AIDS related by 1991.) But then if no AIDS cure is found in the near future, there may be no one left to spend gay dollars on gay apparel.

BOOKS IN BRIEF–RELIGION

Some Mistakes of Moses by Robert Ingersoll, Buffalo: Prometheus; $12.95. Reprint of a classic diatribe against the Old Testament by one of the 19th century's most zealous atheists. Ingersoll concludes his tirade against the Bible with the proclamation that "theology is a superstition—Humanity a religion." Since Ingersoll's death in 1899, his free-thinking disciples have wandered in a modern wilderness of genocide, social breakdown, drugs, crime, and totalitarianism for twice 40 years—and the promised land is still nowhere in sight.

Francis A. Schaeffer: Portraits of the Man and His Work, edited by Lane T. Dennis, Westchester, IL: Crossway; $7.95. Evangelical Christianity lost one of its most thoughtful and provocative thinkers with the death of Francis Schaeffer in 1984. Here a dozen Christian scholars and theologians assess the legacy of this probing—at times divisive—figure.

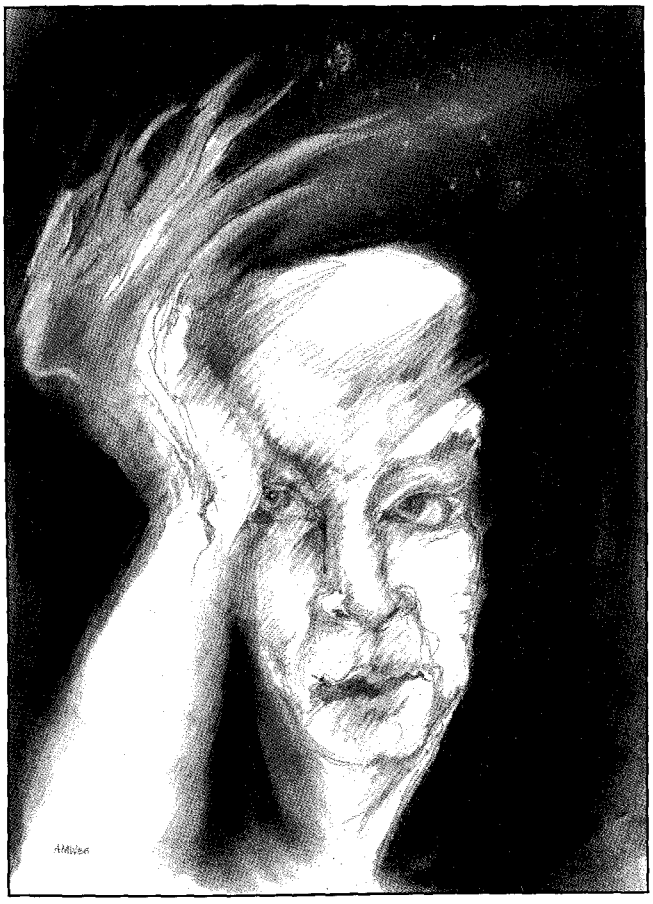
Getting the Word Out: How to Communicate the Gospel in Today's World by Theodore Baehr, San Francisco: Harper & Row; $14.95. A media handbook for pastors and priests who want to amplify their message through television, film, or newspaper. Somehow, it's hard to imagine Isaiah or Paul preparing a news release or doing a TV interview.

Martyn Lloyd-Jones: Chosen by God, edited by Christopher Catherwood, Westchester, IL: Crossway. A collection of essays in memory of a Welsh Evangelical Christian whose preaching and writing touched many on both sides of the Atlantic. Originally trained as a physician, "the Doctor" helped to cure illnesses even more serious than emphysema or leukemia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAK THE WORD ONLY *by Thomas Fleming*

Modern man often seems ill at ease. It is as if the world has been broken and the human community shattered into millions of charged particles, attracting or repelling each other in their chance meetings. Some such notion has threatened many of the best (and second best) minds of the past two centuries. For Hegelians, Marxians, and Freudians (among others), the operative concept has been some version of "alienation," estrangement from others and the world and even one's self to the point that a man looks upon his very life as only a means to an end that has little to do with himself. Enemies of our civilization, like Fromm and Marcuse, have used "alienation" as weapons in their



war against bourgeois society, but the sense of horror is not confined to the radical leadership of the Frankfurt school. Robert Nisbet, both in *The Sociological Tradition* and in *The Quest for Community*, has identified something very similar as one of the recurrent themes of conservative thought. Social and spiritual estrangement is touched upon in the most moving passages of T.S. Eliot—I think especially of *Ash Wednesday*. Hart Crane, in one of his most perplexing and ecstatic poems ("The Broken Tower") interrupts his celebration of bells to say,

> And so it was I entered the broken world
> To trace the visionary company of love, its voice
> An instant in the wind (I know not whither hurled)
> But not for long to hold each desperate choice.

A few months later, sailing back from Mexico, he slipped overboard, a lyric poet who failed to create the great American epic, an alcoholic visionary who in the end could not even put the pieces of his life together.

Modern poets who survive—Eliot and Frost—are made of sterner but not necessarily finer stuff than losers like Hart Crane, Ezra Pound, and Dylan Thomas. But it is surely a sign of something dreadfully wrong in our moral universe when so many of our best minds drink themselves to death, go mad, or commit suicide. In the examples of Brendan Behan and perhaps even Dylan Thomas, they self-consciously assumed the mantle of the *poète maudit* and ended up strangling themselves with it. But even in their case, we ought to be interested in why poets should be damned, unless in some sense our civilization itself is doomed.

I wish I knew an answer which might serve as a better "anodyne for torture and despair" than extinction. It may be heresy to suppose that a mere idea can wound or cure the world, although Perceval had but to speak the word and the King and his realm would be cured. There is, at least, one idea and one set of words that has proved in the long run to be very destructive. In my view, it is an idea that is as pernicious as the positive-minded advice the serpent whispered to Eve. I refer to the notion that there is a gap between the realm of fact (or nature) and the realm of value and morality, because it is through this gap that many of the most desperately wrong ideas have entered the world.

Most older schools of thought had taken it for granted that there was some connection between the physical universe (including the bodies and brains of the human species) and the moral universe of right and wrong. In answer to the Athenian sophists, who taught such unedifying doctrines as cultural relativism and "might makes right," Socrates and Plato turned to an ideal realm of which this world is a mere reflection. Christians (including Platonizing Christians) have usually insisted that this world bears a crude resemblance to the other. While our vision "through a glass darkly" gives only a distorted representation of what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we shall see "face to face," it remains for most of us the best image we have.

Natural theology, as exemplified in Bishop Butler's masterful *Analogy*, attempted to derive the moral law from the observable habits of mankind. The fact that, even in the absence of law and order, murderers were killed by the victim's relatives suggests that the universe was full of moral lessons. In this world, of course, nothing is perfect, but what is a statistical probability in the here and now is assumed to be an absolute in the divine will. In this sense, "Thou shalt do no murder" is not only a prescription; it also contains elements of description. It is as much a statement of fact as Aeschylus' declaration that "The slayers are slain."

For some time now it has been the fashion to dismiss this entire line of reasoning. Moral principles have become a matter of individual "values" which can be judged only—if at all—by referring to something like the principle of utility or the bloodless abstraction of human rights. Natural law is replaced by natural rights even before the time of Locke—but that is another, equally dismal story. And all that eventually remained of natural law theory was the simplistic rationality taught by catechists and certain modern conservatives. Right reason, in this view, becomes a sort of pogo stick for jumping across the chasm between nature and nature's God.

Who deserves the credit for discovering the gulf between fact and value—as unbridgeable as the gulf between heaven and hell—remains uncertain. It is often ascribed, quite erroneously I think, to David Hume. Hume's famous observation on the curious habits of moralists, who inevitably leaped from statements of "is" to statements of "ought" did not establish a gap between fact and value at all. On the contrary, his main intent was to criticize rationalist accounts of morality. As Alasdair MacIntyre suggested some years ago in a controversial article, Hume consistently ignored the so-called gap between moral and unmoral and, in basing ethics on happiness, could be described as the last Aristotelian. It was, after all, David Hume who declared that "if ever there was anything, which could be called natural . . . the sentiments of morality certainly may."

Another favorite candidate for broadening (if not initiating) the rupture was G.E. Moore. At the turn of the century, Moore's *Principia Ethica* created a sensation by apparently dissociating goodness from nature and reducing it to a matter of irrational "intuitions" and social utility. Lytton Strachey and John Maynard Keynes spread the word, throughout what was to become the Bloomsbury Circle, that morality was largely a question of what we should now call life-styles. In America, Moore may survive principally as one of the major targets of Alasdair MacIntyre's *After Virtue*, but Stephen Clark has argued (decisively, I think) that Moore's ethics, closer to a Platonist metaphysics than to contemporary relativism, were seriously distorted by his disciples. Whether Hume or Moore or Bentham is to blame, what really counts is the curious belief that the matter is somehow settled. It isn't settled at all—far from it, as E.O. Wilson has made clear both in his recent *Chronicles* essay and in an article forthcoming in the journal *Philosophy*. In addition, Mary Midgeley and Prof. Clark himself have more than once examined the natural basis of ethics (see *The Nature of the Beast*, reviewed in *Chronicles*, February 1985). *(cont'd on next page)*

Chronicles Best Books of 1986:

In 1986 we reviewed a staggering amount of books—not all of them published this year. A few of them are worth mentioning again as last-minute Christmas gifts for literate friends.

Fiction

The War of the End of the World by Mario Vargas Llosa (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)
An Evening Performance by George Garrett (Doubleday)
The Old Forest and Other Stories by Peter Taylor (Doubleday)
Son of the Morning Star by Evan S. Connell (Harper & Row)
Scandal, or Priscilla's Kindness by A.N. Wilson (Viking)

Nonfiction

Greek Religion by Walter Burkert (Harvard University Press)
One Earth, Four or Five Worlds by Octavio Paz (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)
Islands of History by Marshall Sahlins (University of Chicago Press)
From Athens to Jerusalem by Stephen R.L. Clark (Oxford University Press)
Outgrowing Democracy by John Lukacs (Doubleday)
Religion in American Public Life by A. James Reichley (The Brookings Institution)
A Poison Stronger Than Love by Anastasia M. Shkilnyk (Yale University Press)
Men and Marriage by George Gilder (Pelican)
The Evolution of Cooperation by Robert Axelrod (Basic)
Without God, Without Creed by James Turner (Johns Hopkins University Press)
Seas and Inland Journeys by James Applewhite (University of Georgia Press)
Inventing Adolescence by Joseph Adelson (Transaction Books)
The Humiliation of the Word by Jacques Ellul (Eerdmans)
Against All Hope by Armando Valladares (Alfred A. Knopf)
Death of the Soul by William Barrett (Doubleday)

Poetry

The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy by Geoffrey Hill (Oxford University Press)
The Source by Fred Chappell (Louisiana State University Press)
The Unlovely Child by Norman Williams (Alfred A. Knopf)
The New World by Frederick Turner (Princeton University Press)
Winter Oysters by Brendan Galvin (University of Georgia Press)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The more pressing question these days is: What happens to ethics if morality is disconnected from nature? One answer seems to be that it dissolves into endless bickering over the meaning of words like "good." Bernard Williams, an intelligent and honest ethical philosopher, almost throws up his hands in something approaching despair. In a recent book, *Ethics and the Limits of Possibility* (Harvard University Press), Williams seems to be arguing that formal ethics can neither convert an immoralist nor establish the superiority of one value system over another.

Williams is a stoical and public-spirited gentleman who carries on in the face of an unfeeling and largely irrelevant universe. The rest of us may not be so strong. In an unbroken world (or one less smithereened), the scoffer may still lead a moral life, confident of the rightness of things. David Hume, who rejected the consolations of faith up to his painful end, terrified the credulous and scatterbrained James Boswell. Hume, far more than the pathetic Boswell, was a man of principle, and he read those principles in the order of nature. But when the stars refuse to arrange themselves in shapes and legends, when the beasts no longer speak in fables, and when the trees no longer have anything to tell us (as Proust puts it near the end of his novel), then we must, like Proust himself, confine our attention to the world of men. It is not, however, the hybrid man of our Christian and pagan past—half angel, half ape—but something that is neither: a self-propelled machine, which—in Marx's phrase—makes its own history. The fate of Lytton Strachey and his friends is an even more repellent story. They began by mocking the Victorians only to find themselves acting out the less inviting chapters of Victorian pornography.

They and their successors have not even that fatal insignificance which the pagans attributed to human life—*Pulvis et umbra sumus*—nothing but dust and dreams, for even in that declaration, human beings achieve a kind of glory. The mechanical men of the philosophers, however—of Hobbes and Marx—or of the social engineers—of Dewey, Watson, and Skinner—or of the sex therapists and libertines, need only to be tuned, polished, and occasionally adjusted; and, when they wear out (and sexual libertarians wear out at an alarming speed), replaced with an improved model.

Even men and women of religious faith are not immune and accept, sometimes with feigned cheerfulness, their estrangement from the universe. We must do right not because it *is* right but because God wills it. There is, otherwise, neither right nor good in the natural world. Inevitably the creation turns stale and foul; at its best, nothing more than the painted devices of the tempter. We have heard such things before, perhaps in the pages of Irenaeus, where he records the opinions of gnostic heretics. Even the great Origen emasculated himself for fear of pleasure. Many modern believers are doing something similar to their minds.

It is small wonder if many of the most passionate intelligences end up in "despondency and madness." The list of suicides, drunkards, and lunatics amounts to an honor role of modernism. To set against it, we can put up only a few names like Walter Scott, Goethe, Péguy, Matthew Arnold, perhaps, and Eliot. We might take a melancholy comfort in the likelihood that both lists are dwindling down. The quality of souls, as Screwtape observes, is diminishing, and the net result (God forbid) will be the eclipse not merely of sanity, but also of the half-crazed attempts to break out of the asylum we have built for ourselves.

—*Thomas Fleming*

REVISIONS

Candidates for Commitment

It is hard to pick up a book these days without discovering another surrogate for religion. Esalen and Scientology are among the most obvious surrogates, but then there is Marxism, the Success cults, perhaps even business franchises like Mary Kay or Shaklee. (Robert Bellah is rumored to be at work on a book explaining how the main-line denominations are actually a religion surrogate.) At the turn of the century, literary critics and poets viewed their work as a matter of picking up where the churches left off, while at least some of the founders of sociology saw their role in the same light. Perhaps the most obvious candidate is psychology, most of whose founders had traumatic brushes with religion in their youth. John B. Watson's silly and dangerous Behaviorism was, as Clarence J. Karier makes clear in *Scientists of the Mind: Intellectual Founders of Modern Psychology* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press), a reaction against the fundamentalism of his youth; Jung's father was a theologian whose faith had been unsettled by reading Freud; William James's father was a committed (the *mot juste*) Swedenborgian; Edward Thorndike was the son of a Methodist minister; George Herbert Mead's father was a professor of homiletics; Freud had a pathological fear of Rome (and the Catholic Church) . . . and so on.

Despite the great disparities in temperament and in the systems they erected, most of the founders of psychology (James may be the great exception) were convinced that God was dead, religion doomed, and the world desperate for the salvation offered by their own messianic faiths. It is strange that there are still more Southern Baptists than there are behaviorists and Freudians. Chesterton once remarked, "It is the test of a good religion whether you can make a joke about it." Baptists and Catholics retain their sense of humor, while most psychologists take their systems and flights of fancy very seriously indeed. If the emperor really were wearing any clothes, he would not mind a few jokes about the cut of his trousers. (TF)

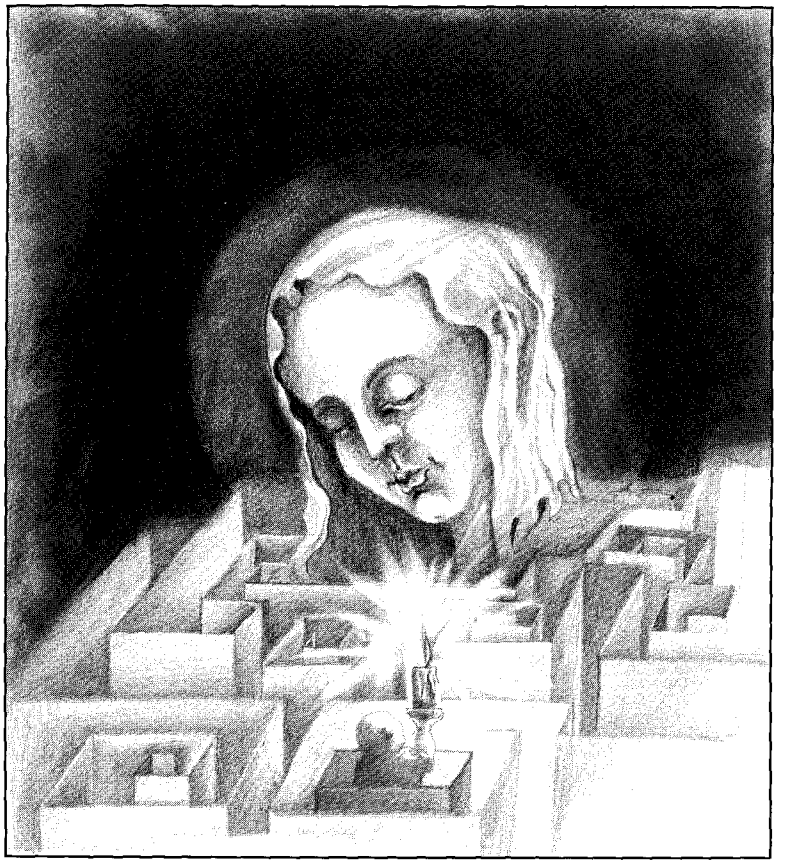
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEARCH FOR THE SACRED *by Thomas Molnar*

Religion is inseparable from the sacred, the channel through which the divine transcendent communicates with man, according to man's sensate nature. Any object, natural or man-made—a Gothic cathedral or the lapis negra excavated on the Roman forum—may assume the character of sacredness. Through it, the divine communication becomes incarnated, and, in the intellectual-rational order, verities of the faith are better approached and understood. After the material devastations of the first religious wars, in the second quarter of the 16th century, the Council of Trent saw fit to rehabilitate the sacred images and symbols, in liturgy and in churches, precisely with these arguments: The human comprehension of abstract (dogmatic and doctrinal) truths must be aided through an appeal to the senses in shapes, colors, music, architecture, stone, wood, glass, and precious metals and stones. Through the sacred and the beauty and awe it conveys, the spiritual in man is mobilized; he is enveloped in a supernatural reality in contrast with his daily routine and concrete preoccupations. The sacred makes possible the recognition of man's dual nature, his simultaneous existence in the profane and the sacred, the rational and the mystical, in God's presence and in the daily contact with the surrounding world of nature and humanity.

As Mircea Eliade notes, any block of stone, among the many other ordinary blocks of stone, may be *sacred*, endowed with powers and influences and emanations increasingly distinguishing it, transfiguring it. It is, of course, no "ordinary" stone; it has been selected for its shape, the place it occupies, the mysterious events that occurred around it; in other words, a succession of events has lifted it above the customary and penetrated the consciousness of those participating in those events. Or the block of stone we are talking about may be one shaped according to cultic specifications (like Hinduist altar-stones) which allow it to serve divine purposes and become a revered more-than-object. We see from this example that a sacred "object" must be integrated into a sacred network, an ensemble of which it becomes a part, just as religious man is not an individual alone inventing his own worship, but a member of a community. Accordingly, the sacred manifests itself in a location, a time, through gestures and rituals, vestments and buildings, and of course sacraments, the precise, unalterable symbols through which the divine reality is communicated.

We find these sacred elements built into every religion, although the shapes, sizes, relationships, lights, and shadows are differently arranged and proportioned in each, following the doctrinal requirements and the dictation of the faith. Yet, each sacred object and ritual inspires awe because of a tradition-governed location, a long and consecrated time, the repetition of immemorial motions, the uniqueness of symbols. Let us consider a few examples of sacred objects and symbols. The Gothic stained glass window (whose colors cannot be imitated, that art having been lost) is predominantly blue, like heaven, while the yellows, the reds, the greens signify Christ's blood, or the color of precious stones. The cathedral itself is elongated, suggesting Christ's body on the cross, his heart where the altar is, his arms forming the transept. The colonnade running from the main entrance towards the altar is an invitation in stone for the worshiper to come forward, while at the same time it is a pilgrimage of the *homo viator*, the medieval term for man traveling through this earthly existence.



Thomas Molnar is a visiting professor of religious studies at Yale University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hindu temple, in contrast, displays no simple plan; it is teeming with statuettes, proliferating like plants in the jungle. Through these many forms, the Hindu religion does not pay its respects to the rich variety of existence; on the contrary, it expresses contempt for the material world so very different, ontologically different, from the eternal repose of absorption in Nothingness. The ground plan of a mosque, unlike that of a Christian church or the patio of a Clunyite monastery, is of no particular shape and reproduces no willed and interpreted form. This deliberate lack of form is to indicate that the Moslem has no privileged place where he would be nearer to Allah, who always sees him and is immeasurably superior to him, inscrutable in his ways. This is also why Islamic art recognizes no human figures (the creation of man is Allah's act, not to be imitated) and deemphasizes the intellect through the use of the flowing lines and repetitive circularity of what we call the arabesque.

These few illustrations tell us the interconnectedness of the sacred which traditionally defined the artist's role and within which he finds it possible and joyful to trace his lines. This means that there is a sacred style and that it requires a certain sacred content, too. When the Renaissance painter (a Mantegna, an Occello) becomes too preoccupied with perspective, over against the deliberate lack of perspective of medieval painting, this means that man becomes its center (it is from the painter's perspective, from his self, that the world is observed) instead of the centerless figuration of the created world. Geometry takes over humanity.

Not only art, but also public and political life follow the dictates of the sacred, at least in traditional societies. Cities and temples and royal palaces as well as burial grounds were always traced according to sacred requirements. A city or a temple is built around the center of the world ("axis mundi") which runs through it; it is founded in sacred time which then remains a commemorated day or period; and the rites of foundation, primordial gestures, are to be repeated to the letter, thereby enabling the population to reconnect itself with the time and place of origin. Place, time, and ritual were at the beginning divine realities: The gods themselves chose the place and the time, and they once performed the sacred motions or dances. The American (Mexican) Indians' bear-dance, the dances of African tribes, the artistic dances of Hindu celebrants are all religious rituals, through which the members of tribe or temple commune with the founding gods and goddesses and capture their continued benevolence, while also conjuring the evil spirits.

In general, then, the sacred presupposes a cosmos divided into strata, from the most sacred to the most profane, and presupposes also a hierarchy of performers and worshipers. In other words, in the universe of the sacred there is an interaction between the macrocosm and the microcosm, the divine and the human, the permanent and the changing, the clergy and the laity. The line between sacred and profane is clearly drawn, it is inviolate, unless crossed by the appropriate person, so as not to damage the social-sacred fabric. In the nonmonotheistic religions the line is very sharp because individual and collective well-being depends on the correct manipulation of the macrocosm: celestial bodies, intracosmic powers, spirits. Any mismanagement in this domain—the slightest deviation from the magical manipulation of sacred objects and ceremonies—may bring down curses on man, member of the microcosm.

In monotheistic religions, all these cosmic and intracosmic forces are abolished. The one-God with his personal attributes cannot be softened by any ceremony, but only by right living, an interiorization of the moral commandments, by prayer and good deeds. Here the magical element is discarded, but the danger is then an exaggerated rationalism which also discards symbols and sacraments and generally the rich presence of the sacred. A good many thinkers, this writer among them, believe that the exclusive growth of the rational, at the expense of the sacred, has desiccated Western civilization, making ours the first desacralized society in history, a danger to ourselves and to other civilizations.

Desacralization, first noticed in art and literature, and relatively late in religion itself, is the nonbelief in a transcendent agent, followed by the "profanization" of the sacred. One by one, with a kind of devilish systematization and logic, first the divine, then its mirror-image, the human figure, are discarded, and later the familiar features of objects—until in every branch of art the strange, inhuman, and the shocking, finally the totally meaningless, take their place. The reason is that man believes he has no need of the divine nor of the channels of revealing the divine; he believes all powers have been given to him, or rather that they are self-generated powers, crowned by rationality. Science solves all problems, our contemporaries are told, and few notice that science itself becomes thus "sacralized," but only with a kind of blind sacredness, opening on nothing and nowhere.

Behind this process of desacralization, noted by Max Weber, René Guénon, Titus Burckhardt, and Oswald Spengler, a new cosmological landscape has emerged, one that has replaced the traditional cosmology of all peoples who did nothing more than play variations on the same theme. The basic theme was, as we have seen, the division of the cosmos into strata inhabited by different and unequal forces, a most inspiring picture for poets, thinkers, artists, and religious geniuses. These teeming spirits and powers were conveyors of influences which, in turn, manifested themselves in relics, talismans, amulets, but also in a wide variety of objects and symbols. The cosmos was always the same yet always different, and its motions were of different qualities, from the perfection of circular movement to the imperfection of sublunar ones.

The cosmos, the world-all, was itself never-changing, immobile, and closed upon itself, and beautiful in its basic immutability which was also mirrored in the regularity of historical events and the sameness of human destiny. Art, historiography, and politics thus had eternal models and canons of beauty. Man himself knew his place, rather low on the scale of things and beings, but a safe place if the protective forces were rightly invoked and given tribute. There was no question of excessive individualism, since even the gods were subject to Fate, and in the Hindu pantheon they could even die when a Great Cycle came to an end.

Now this cosmology is no more. It was gradually re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

placed, through the 14th to the 19th century, by the cosmology which to a large extent determines our civilization and supplies its models. The old cosmology was alive, diverse, and provided man and communities with anthropomorphic models, themselves easily made into stories (mythology), with gods, men, and animals. Modern cosmology is depersonalized and de-animated; it consists of dead bodies on orbits, colliding and circling, cold mechanisms rushing toward infinity. In short, these features of modern cosmology do not speak to man; they are "frighteningly silent," as Pascal described infinite space at the very time it was first conceived, in the 17th century.

We have lived ever since beneath the rule of inflexible mechanical laws operating in an indifferent space where there are no privileged locations or beings. Inevitably, the regularly orbiting and gravitationally linked bodies constitute a model, which has had a tremendous effect on our concept of the individual, the State, and all the arts and sciences. Citizenship is reduced to equality among so many predictable bodies in social orbit. The laws governing societies reproduce mechanical sociological laws, without historic roots. Architecture is dehumanized into large and blind cement blocks, making it impossible to distinguish a museum, a school, an office building, or a church, all with mechanically straight, functional lines, and without decoration. The walls are as speechless as machines. Nothing stands out. Nothing catches the eye as it travels up and down. In a medieval or Renaissance painting, a myriad of objects crowd around the characters, themselves covered with richly colored wrappers: plants of all kinds, animals, precious stones and spices, amulets, dwarfs, hunting or love scenes. In contrast, consider a modern painting, and observe its nakedness, its lack of symbols, and the teeming forms of life. With the exception of a Chagall, all these things have been exiled, our forms which surround us and permeate our senses and sensibilities have been exiled as superfluities; cold rationality prevails. To quote Chesterton, madness occurs when only rationality remains on the scene.

Desacralization has now penetrated the Christian churches: the exclusion of Latin with its mysteries, as if prayer were an entirely rational mode of addressing the Deity, tolerating no form of incantation, mystery, and, yes, incomprehension. Music in churches follows modern norms: Church architecture deliberately ignores the divine ground plan, the requisite place of the altar, the centrality of Christ. Christ himself is figured as a mad person, unable to carry the message of goodness and truth, an embodiment of meaninglessness.

Compare this, in turn, with the long and glorious history of Christ in art, on which a Chateaubriand could base, two centuries ago, an entire apologia of the Christian religion. Depending on the nation and civilizational background, Christ was the Good Pastor in the early centuries, the Pantocrator of Byzantine churches, the tortured man-god of Grünewald, the ascending figure of the Baroque. The Madonna is different yet the same in Michelangelo's Pietà, under the brush of Raphael, or the Polish Virgin of Częstochowa, and the Virgin of Guadalupe, in Mexico.

All this sacrality, in art and life, followed certain rules. The sacred is always an object (for the eyes, the ears, the touch, the smell, the spiritual grasp), but it is a unique one, although through its powerful emanations it affects everything in its presence. Yet the source is unmistakable. Now our industrial society has endangered this uniqueness, since it accustomed us to the endless reproduction of the same, whether objects, images, the printed and spoken word. With every passing day, new inventions remove us from the divine-human framework in which objects made sense and in which the sacred justified also the other hierarchies of existence.

Television, radio, and movies banalize story-telling, present empty stereotypes. The art of a Henry Moore, a Calder, a Giacometti accustom us to the formless, the frightening, the meaningless, so that inhumanity and violence appear as norms of existence. Machines bring us in comfortable contact with sacred celebrations, as when television zeroes in on the priest's tongue as he swallows the host. No mystery remains; man is removed from art, as both Malraux and Ortega assert. There are now novels (the "nouveau roman" in France, just rewarded with the Nobel prize in the person of Claude Simon) which have entirely banished the human being and reduced the "story" to objects, seen through the "camera eye."

The question of resacralization inevitably arises. The various formulae and recipes are, without exception, pho-

STILL

by Peter Dale

Daughter, you are—if photograph
  may tell the truth without the eyes
  touching in shady velleities—
your grandmother's image and proof.

As was your mother—with the same if.
  From those old days the untrammelled gaze,
  a carefreeness that never goes,
the lace but useless handkerchief.

—Speedwell after speedwell, path
  or hedge to tell each by its place
  and time, the trellises, the plush,
a future like a picnic heath.

It's more than mood, the hasty comb,
  blouse loose, unceremonious . . .
  I cannot swear to carefreeness,
but hope you may, in time to come,

Not as a grey nostalgiast
  but knowing what had been yourself.
  —Lass, must the held frame dissolve?
Both hold the present in the past?

Speed well, my only lass, speed well!

Peter Dale has written seven volumes of poetry, including The Storms, Mortal Fire, *and* Too Much of Water.

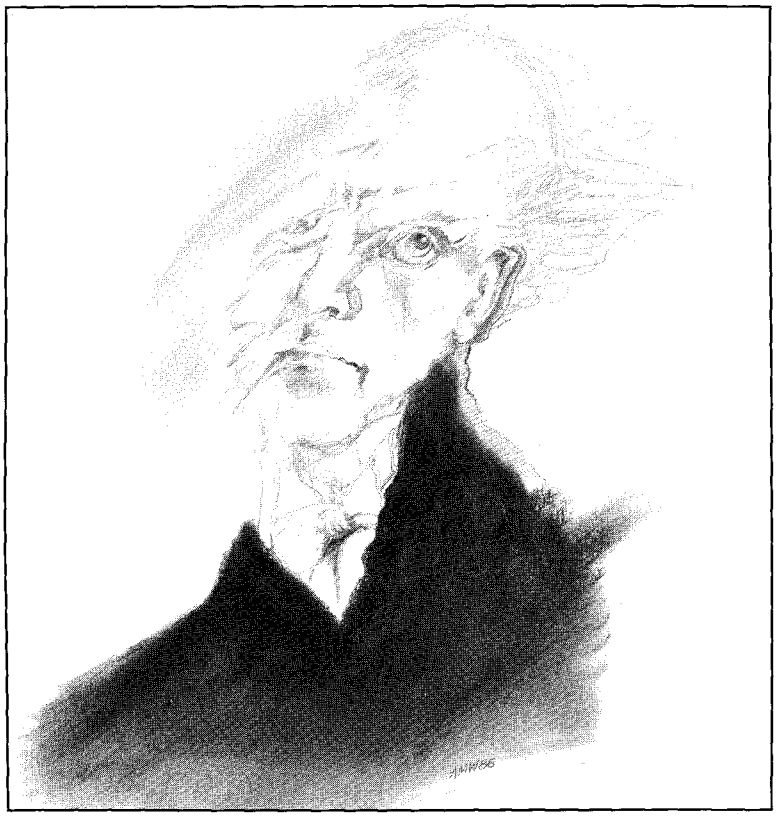
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ney, because the cause of the sacred is not man's, it is God's cause. Desacralized man cannot climb back to the sacred cavern; he has lost the leading thread. The sacred arises much like civilizations arise, without man's consciously pursued actions. But we know that every civilization is a human stylization on an already given theme, a divine and cosmic theme. The civilization-giving process follows from the cosmological model. Nobody creates a cosmological model; only our individualistic and simplifying bent suggests that such models may be one man's work, as we are taught that our cosmology owes its alpha and omega to the one Galileo. A cosmology, that is a world picture, a collective, time-transcending vision, is the product of forces perhaps beyond our comprehension, and certainly beyond our creative power. At best, it is the work of many individuals and groups, not necessarily pursuing the same object, but harmonizing nevertheless under the vast vault of the same impulse, as the works of St. Benedict, Dante, and Goethe, great men with diverse motivations, were ultimately harmonized.

In fact, a new cosmology has already made its beginnings. The Galilean/Newtonian universe (Newton himself was dissatisfied with it) is slowly, ever so slowly, gliding out of focus, and a finite cosmos has reappeared on our horizon. Industrial society itself has produced not only critics, but also thinkers (strangely, among schools of sociology) who analyze its enormous blockages and counterproductive achievements. We may live through the last stages of mindlessly reproduced consumer "goods" and of a return to the uniqueness of objects. There is, of course, no way of forecasting a new civilization, although thinkers like Nietzsche and Heidegger have forcefully stated the exhaustion of the present "gods" (or idols) and the expectation of "new gods" leading us in some new direction. Being attuned to new "gods," we do not renounce the Christian civilization, but remain attentive to its timeless source and inspiration.

OLAF STAPLEDON: PHILOSOPHER AND FABULIST *by Stephen R.L. Clark*

The most widely known of Merseyside philosophers was never a full-time academic. But he gave classes for the Workers Educational Association from 1912, extra-mural lectures on philosophy from the 20's, gained his Ph.D. in Liverpool in 1925 (in philosophical psychology), and was an active and famous philosopher till he died, in 1950. Olaf Stapledon was born a hundred years ago in the little peninsula between the Dee and the Mersey, and lived there all his life, apart from a brief sojourn in Balliol and Port Said, and duty with the Quaker ambulance corps during the First World War. He lectured regularly, published a couple of minor philosophical books and some interesting articles, and wrote several of the great classics of philosophical science fiction: *Last and First Men, Last Men in London, Sirius, Odd John, Starmaker, The Flames.*



Stapledon's archives are now housed in Liverpool University Library, and his work and life are subjected to critical scrutiny. He was a man of his time in tending to prefer collectivist solutions for social problems and to hanker after a new, improved breed of humanity. But he never lost sight of the perils of progressivism and collectivism, and lent no support—though he was falsely accused of this—to fashionable left-wing apologias for Stalinist Russia. His fables, as I shall argue, contain the antidote to his own professed doctrines.

How may we summon up the courage and devotion to live humane or spiritual lives in a universe that, so scientistic mythology requires us to believe, is deeply hostile to all human values? "How to face such an age? How to muster courage, being capable only of homely virtues? How to do this, yet preserve the mind's integrity?" This is the

Stephen R.L. Clark is professor of philosophy at the University of Liverpool. His most recent book is From Athens to Jerusalem: The Love of Wisdom and the Love of God *(Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1984).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question Stapledon confronts in *Starmaker*. That remains the crucial question for "modern" man. Some writers, like Apollo's existentialists described in W.H. Auden's "Under Which Lyre?" "declare that they are in complete despair, yet keep on writing"; others pretend that they can happily inhabit a world as cold and valueless as "science" says the universe must be; yet others live by faith that things are not quite what they seem. Stapledon attempted an agnostic piety, a determination to "bless what there is for being" even when it almost froze the heart, an insistence that the truth, despite appearances, will prove worth knowing.

That truth matters to us is a sign that we do not quite believe the nihilist. If we did, we should have every reason not to face the truth. Stapledon's most pitiable inventions, the disillusioned mystics of *Darkness and Light*, have good reason to hide their eyes from the supramundane titans that they glimpse, trampling carelessly across a snow-covered landscape that is hyperdimensional reality. Stapledon's own passion for understanding and a clearer sight was at one with his passionate impulse to worship, an impulse that he knew could not prove its own veracity and which was inclined to issue in assertions that he knew could not be literally true.

One of the oddities of Stapledon's writings, and a sign of the extent to which this century has been cut off from its past, is that he seems to have thought novel his own dedication to what is technically "apophatic theology," the way of negation. For him it was something that needed a time-traveling Neptunian or an intelligent flame to propose. "Surely you agree," says such a flame in *Flames*, one of Stapledon's best-crafted works, "that the goal of all action is the awakening of the spirit in every individual and in the cosmos as a whole; awakening, I mean, in respect of awareness, feeling and creative action. Your human concept of 'God' we find useless. Our finer spiritual sensibility is outraged by any attempt to describe the dark Other in terms of the attributes of finite beings. We ourselves, I suppose, may be said to 'worship' the Other; but inarticulately, or through the medium of fantasies and myths, which, though they aid worship, give us no intellectual truth about the wholly inconceivable."

It is incidentally a nice touch that this high-minded (and, to be honest, somewhat complacent) doctrine is abandoned by the flames themselves when they seem to encounter the same sort of indifferent titans, or ghoulish Starmaker, that Stapledon describes elsewhere, and the pose of open-eyed and agnostic adoration is maintained only by a lonely and soon-to-be-murdered madman. The position itself, however, is a very familiar one: It is indeed heretical in almost any religious tradition to suppose that God, the One Incomprehensible, has any of the attributes of finite beings, or that the stories we tell of it are anything but words needed to evoke our worship. George Berkeley, writing in *Alciphron* on Rhode Island well before he was a Bishop: The doctrine of the Trinity is acceptable insofar as "it makes proper impressions on the mind, producing therein love, hope, gratitude and obedience, and thereby becomes a very lively operative principle, influencing [one's] life and actions, agreeably to the notion of saving faith which is required in a Christian," even if every idea we form of the Trinity is bound to be strictly false.

The most simpleminded imitators of Stapledon have tried to reproduce the millennial vision of humankind's expansion and continual improvement. Throughout the 1950's, science-fiction writers wrote about the prospects for a harmonious society, controlled by the wielders of a psychosocial science who would mold people "for their own good," and for the greater glory of the human universe. Oddly enough, in Stapledon such psychosocial and genetic engineering almost always ends badly, and even the Last Men must return to their poor ancestors to learn something of the courage of hopelessness before their end.

Even when Stapledon envisages a cosmic harmony in *Starmaker*, it is purchased at a high cost and will not endure. More intelligent readers have retained just the sense of time's passage nowhere in particular, in which both the minnows and the minnow-watchers are alike deceived. On the surface, Stapledon describes races and cultures that far surpass our own in intelligence and moral fiber, but each one learns at the end that they are no closer to the infinite and eternal One than were their poor predecessors, that each makes God over in his own image and finds the image useless in the end.

One of Stapledon's later fictions, *The Flames*, has not yet been reissued, so that even those who know Stapledon's other writings may not have encountered it. It is a brief and well-crafted fable which encapsulates many of his concerns and characteristic ironies. Patrick McCarthy's biography of Stapledon correctly observes that "as an example of controlled and sustained irony, *The Flames* is without parallel among Stapledon's works." Thus, the positivistic critic presents and comments on the narrative of Cass, the speculative generalist. Cass, after years of seeking to see and understand things "from the inside," by telepathic or mystical means, seems to himself to have been addressed by a living flame, hidden in a pebble plucked from a cold, snow-shrouded landscape. It turns out that there are such creatures, salamanders, born in the sun's troposphere and condemned to live out a cold and intermittent existence on solid earth since the planets were formed. The late world war, and its manifold fires, have brought them out of hibernation in the dust of the air, and they sense the possibility of forming a symbiotic alliance with us: we to provide the environment within which they can live, they to provide the mental stability and community awareness we lack.

This sort of symbiotic pattern is many times repeated in Stapledon's work. If we cannot agree, the flames' other option is to instigate nuclear spasm: "Then at last, with the whole planet turned into a single atomic bomb, and all the incandescent continents hurtling into space, we should have for a short while conditions almost as good as those of our golden age in the sun." Cass is on the point of agreeing to act as the flames' ambassador, when he learns that his own marriage had been deliberately destroyed by the flames (and his wife driven to suicide) so that he might be a suitably single-minded instrument of their purposes (the Neptunian hero of *Last Men in London* had done the same, less violently, to his victim, unrebuked, and the action of *Starmaker* occurs after a marital quarrel). Cass concludes that this proves the flames' real ill will, destroys the flames with a glass of cold water (the flames turn to revivable dust if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slowly extinguished, but perish forever if suddenly doused), and sets himself to warn humankind of the deadly peril they stand in.

Cass is eventually incarcerated in an asylum, where the flames again convince him that their intentions are good. Meanwhile, however, their more lucid companions, in the sun, have as usual discovered that Reality "was wholly alien to the spirit, and wholly indifferent to the most sacred values of the awakened minds of the cosmos," and are undergoing a desperate religious war in which the flames' original pious agnosticism, which I mentioned before, is lost. Cass, now converted to that typically Stapledonian position, is threatened by flames converted in their turn to a militant theism. Cass dies in a fire, victim of homicide or, as some suppose, his own deranged endeavor.

The swirling confusions of Stapledonian history are here compressed into one man's life, and the struggle to live lucidly, without self-deception, is allowed its full ironical perversity. Who is deceived? Who is sane? Allegorically, of course, the flames are simply those technological powers whose use may lead to utopia or to disaster. Or else they are a shifting image of the individual-in-community, less inclined than we to imagine that they are atomic individuals rather than elements within the global or the stellar community, and by the same token all too ready to ignore the needs and passions of each such element and fall into the little death of the hive-mind (the constant peril in *Last and First Men*). Or else again, they are images of the division that concerned Stapledon so often, between sleep and awakened life. *The Flames* even allows him what he does not attempt elsewhere, the thought that present individuals are fallen creatures, forever reaching towards a perfection they have lost: "Each new experience came to us with a haunting sense of familiarity and a suspicion that the new version was but a crude and partial substitute for the old."

The flames entertain the project of initiating nuclear spasm, "through loyalty to the spirit in us," if they should decide that the human species was doomed to self-destruction sooner or later, rather as the Fifth Men of Stapledon's other future history (*Last and First Men*) destroy the inhabitants of Venus, on the plea that they are less developed and failing creatures. This slaughter, incidentally, produces in its agents on the one hand an "unreasoning disgust with humanity" and on the other a "grave elation" expressing itself in the thought that "the murder of Venerian life was terrible but right." The protagonist of *Odd John* assures his biographer bluntly, "If we could wipe out your whole species, we would." Stapledon's postwar, post-Holocaust writings are, unsurprisingly, much more alive to the hideous reality such fables cloak. He was, as I said, a man of his time, though one who strove to reach beyond it.

The unresolved ambiguities of this story—Are the flames trustworthy or not? Is Cass insane or not? Is the god of humane devotion certain to be victorious or not? Are the demands of the heart to be accepted alongside the judgments of the mind or not?—are what make it art rather than academic philosophy. Philosophers are not supposed to be ambiguous but to follow single-mindedly where the argument may lead. My own view is that it is not possible that there should be only one road to so great a mystery. I have a personal and philosophical preference, that is, for the ambiguous and unsettling, and I do not think that philosophers should always be explicit and precise. "Not such as I had dreamed must the real be, but infinitely more subtle, more dread, more excellent. And infinitely nearer home. Yet, however false the vision in detail of structure, even perhaps in its whole form, in temper surely it was relevant; in temper perhaps it was even true," writes Stapledon in *Starmaker*.

In this, Stapledon echoed Plato's judgment, that it is through the telling of stories, true in temper if not in detail, that we make our philosophical conclusions real to our-

REVISIONS

Sauce For the Goose

Greek myths and legends have been giving food for thought to philosophers since the time of Xenophanes and Plato. The 19th century was rich in theories: Max Müller regarded myths as a disease of language, and E.B. Tylor—the father of anthropology—looked at them as a universal stage in primitive thought. More recently, the French have taken to speculating ponderously and mysteriously: Claude Lévi-Strauss, Georges Dumézil, Jean-Pierre Vernant, and Marcel Detienne.

In his 1981 *L'invention de la mythologie*, now translated by Margaret Cook as *The Creation of Mythology* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press), Detienne does a good job of demolishing the fatuous theories of his predecessors. His own thesis is less earth-shattering than his solemn prose suggests: Mythology, he argues, came into existence when the tales were no longer accepted as true. An important part of his evidence is the growing separation of *logos* (as true account) from *mythos* (false story). Unfortunately, Greek authors are not so clever as Detienne, and Aristotle, in the *Poetics*, contrives to use *mythos* to mean simply story or plot.

Someone really must register a complaint against the growing influence of irresponsible French intellectuals. Even a short list of these nuisances is suggestive: Lévi-Strauss, Barthes, Derrida, Lacan, Sartre. They all express "bright" ideas within impenetrable systems—just the sort of combination guaranteed to unsettle the light wits of American academics. Sometimes the French even have a good idea or two—as is the case with Detienne, but they're so mystical about the whole thing, it hardly seems worth the effort. Their best books are like decent pieces of meat ruined by a canned *sauce béarnaise*. Americans—predictably—throw away the beef and lick their lips over the sauce. (TF)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"**The Chesterton Review** is keeping alive what has become a fugitive tradition of social criticism."
— Joseph Sobran, *The National Review* (New York).

The Chesterton Review

Special Issues

HILAIRE BELLOC. The May, 1968 issue deals with the life and works of Hilaire Belloc, poet, historian, controversialist and close friend of G.K. Chesterton.

FATHER BROWN includes an uncollected Chesterton detective story.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY. Noel O'Donoghue writes on Chesterton in Ireland.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. Edited by Dawson's daughter, the author of the new Dawson biography.

GEORGE GRANT special issue. Critics discuss George Grant, Canada's leading social philosopher.

CHARLES DICKENS. Critics discuss Chesterton's work as a pioneer Dickens critic.

SPECIAL BONUS
With each new subscription you receive
a free copy of one of the special issues.

Please send this order form with payment to
THE CHESTERTON REVIEW, 1437 College Drive,
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada S7N 0W6

Subscription cost $16.00 per year
or $8.00 per special issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Bonus Special Issues
(Check one)
☐ Christopher Dawson
☐ Father Brown
☐ George Grant
☐ Charles Dickens
☐ 10th Anniversary
☐ Hilaire Belloc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves. The flames themselves, Cass reports, are of another and more contemplative temperament than ourselves. Their philosophizing "was more imaginative and less conceptual than [ours], more of the nature of art, of myth-construction, which [they] knew to be merely symbolical, not literally true." The active and the contemplative intellect, the critical and speculative imagination, the individual and the community, "the cold light of the stars" and "our little glowing atom of community" must all be given their due. "Intellectual subtlety might produce a mania for analysis and abstraction," warns Stapledon in *Starmaker*, "with blindness to all that intellect could not expound. Yet sensibility itself, when it rejected intellectual criticism and the claims of daily life would be smothered in dreams."

Stapledon was trying, against the odds, to hold time and eternity, the individual and the community, fury and the joy without a cause in tension, not because he was sexually disturbed (as if a good sexual relationship were the answer to all metaphysical and moral problems—which is what Leslie Fiedler's biography seems to suggest), but because these mighty opposites must be reconciled in any human life. He was not naive, and he was certainly not a devotee of positivistic science: Writing in a review of Wells's *Starbegotten* (which has certain affinities with *Last Men in London* and Stapledon's own *A Man Divided*), he remarks, "Although, when clerics expound their faith, I fly to line up behind Mr. Wells, I am an erring disciple. For, when he in turn explains, I feel a restless expectation of a something more which is never forthcoming. He is too ready to assume that an idealization of the positivistic, scientific mood, which is mainly a product of the nineteenth century, really can adequately suggest the essence of the truly adult human mentality." It is perhaps fair to point out that Wells's life ended in despair, and Stapledon's did not: He had not put his hope in merely contemporary powers.

Readers of Stapledon mistake his purpose if they see him as spokesman for a scientistic mythology that licenses racist (or speciesist) oppression and impiety. C.S. Lewis' bent scientist, Weston (in *Out of the Silent Planet* and *Perelandra*), is not—as some have thought—a caricature of Stapledon, though he behaves like some of Stapledon's supposedly "superior" types. Nor is Ransom's apocalyptic vision, in *Perelandra*, that distant from *Starmaker*: Both Ransom and *Starmaker*'s narrator "come to themselves" at the highest point of vision and find truth where they are, where they are placed by the Creator's hand.

Certainly, in *Starmaker*, "love was not absolute; contemplation was," whereas for the Christian, the nearest approaches in *Perelandra* to Stapledon's terrible archangel are the visible images of Malacandra and Perelandra: "Pure, spiritual, intellectual love [wholly devoid of all natural affection] shot from their faces like barbed lightning. It was so unlike the love we experience that its expression could easily be mistaken for ferocity." It is not the angels that are to be worshiped but Blake's "infinite and eternal of the human form"—as Stapledon in effect declares in the final pages of *Starmaker*. Stapledon did not, to my knowledge, ever openly say or perhaps even recognize what his fables intimate, that contemplative ardor may spill over into diabolism as easily as parochial practice may become trivial. He offered a succession of images within which we can find ourselves, and find the God who is not only "Spirit," but true Man.

ORWELL AND RELIGION *by Alvaro de Silva*

In his novel *1984*, George Orwell created a world devoid of freedom and justice, truth and goodness. But there is another void in the book that critics seldom notice: the utter lack of religious faith. The absence of any vestige of religion seems to Christianity's advantage: The Orwellian world is such a desolate, inhuman, and horrifying place because, besides the self-evident reasons given in the narrative, its inhabitants lack the consolations that faith in God can give. When I first read it, I thought: Perhaps only a believer could bear this torture, and even, with God's help, end it.

Certainly, the reader can have no doubts about Orwell's rejection of such a world. Yet, the world of *1984* is, in every sense, an Orwellian world. It is the unwanted child, but child nevertheless, of Orwell's own metaphysical assumptions. What is wrong with *1984* is exactly what was wrong with its author's thought.

On March 3, 1944, Orwell wrote that "Western civilisation, unlike Oriental civilisations, was founded partly on the belief in individual immortality. If one looks at the Christian religion from the outside, this belief appears far more important than belief in God. The Western conception of good and evil is very difficult to separate from it." Was Orwell taking down notes for his famous novel when he immediately afterwards added, "One cannot have any worthwhile picture of the future unless one realizes how much we have lost by the decay of Christianity"? In the world of *1984*, Christianity is not decaying, it is dead; and George Orwell did not desire its being otherwise. "I do not want," he said in the same article, "the belief in life after death to return, and in any case it is not likely to return. What I do point out is that its disappearance has left a big hole, and that we ought to take notice of the fact."

Orwell's vision of modern man is inspired in a rather "cruel trick" that he once played on a wasp:

> He [the wasp] was sucking jam on my plate, and I cut him in half. He paid no attention, merely went on with his meal, while a tiny stream of jam

Alvaro de Silva is a Catholic chaplain to university students in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a contributing editor of Nuestro Tiempo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> trickled out of his severed oesophagus. Only when he tried to fly away did he grasp the dreadful thing that had happened to him. It is the same with modern man. The thing that has been cut away is his soul, and there was a period—twenty years, perhaps—during which he did not notice it.

After such definition one would say that it was tragic for modern man to have his soul cut away, very much as it was fatal for the wasp to be cut in two. Orwell's commentary sounds more like a strong applause after a great scene: "It was absolutely necessary that the soul should be cut away." One may always excuse him by saying that he was not condemning religious belief in another life but religious hypocrisy in this life. Yet, he could have easily distinguished one from the other in order to give man and religion their due.

According to Orwell, religion is gone, and it is not going

to return. I was not surprised to read that Orwell enjoyed Hilaire Belloc's *The Servile State*, and I suspect he may have had it in mind while writing his own vision of the future. Belloc's book, wrote Orwell, "foretold with astonishing accuracy the things that are happening right now." The surprise came when he added: "Unfortunately he had no remedy to offer." Now, every reader of that book knows that Belloc did offer a remedy. It was, at least in part, a return to the full living of the Christian faith that had shaped Europe and Western civilization. For Orwell, religion, and especially the Catholic faith, is no remedy at all. It is something lost; or even better, something that had to be removed from modern times as a tumor is removed from the body. "The Kingdom of God, old style, has definitely failed; but on the other hand, 'Marxist realism' has also failed, whatever it may achieve materially."

Orwell, as so many others before him, was wrong about the future of religion, the Judeo-Christian tradition, and the Catholic church. In only 20 years we, and Harvey Cox, too, have gone from "The Secular City" to "Sorry, I Should Have Said: *Religion* in the Secular City."

Evelyn Waugh was one of the first readers to realize what was wrong with Orwell's novel and, after finishing this depressing book, thought that his friend deserved a sermon:

> The book failed to make my flesh creep as presumably you intended. For one thing I think your metaphysics are wrong. You deny the soul's existence (at least Winston does) and can only contrast matter with reason and will. It is now apparent that matter can control reason and will under certain conditions. So you are left with nothing but matter. . . . I think it possible that in 1984 we shall be living in conditions rather like those you show. But what makes your version spurious to me is the disappearance of the Church. I wrote of you once that you seemed unaware of its existence now when it is everywhere manifest. Disregard all the supernatural implications if you like, but you must admit its unique character as a social & historical institution. I believe it is inextinguishable, though of course it can be extinguished in a certain place for a certain time. Even that is rarer than you might think.

"One cannot be really a Catholic & grown-up," wrote Orwell among his notes for an essay that he was preparing on, precisely, Evelyn Waugh. These few words were his commentary on Lord Marchmain's religious conversion at the end of *Brideshead Revisited*.

Bias blinded Orwell to any possibility of the Church's survival. The revival of religion, at the very least as a powerful factor in the cause of freedom and human dignity, would have left him stunned: Poland, the Philippines, Central America. . . . Had Orwell lived another 30 years, would he have written *Homage to Poland*? In that country, he would have seen a people whose heroic struggle for freedom and justice is largely sustained by the Creed of the Catholic Church. Perhaps Orwell would have had to remember what Evelyn Waugh said in his letter: "Men who love a crucified God need never think of torture as all-powerful."

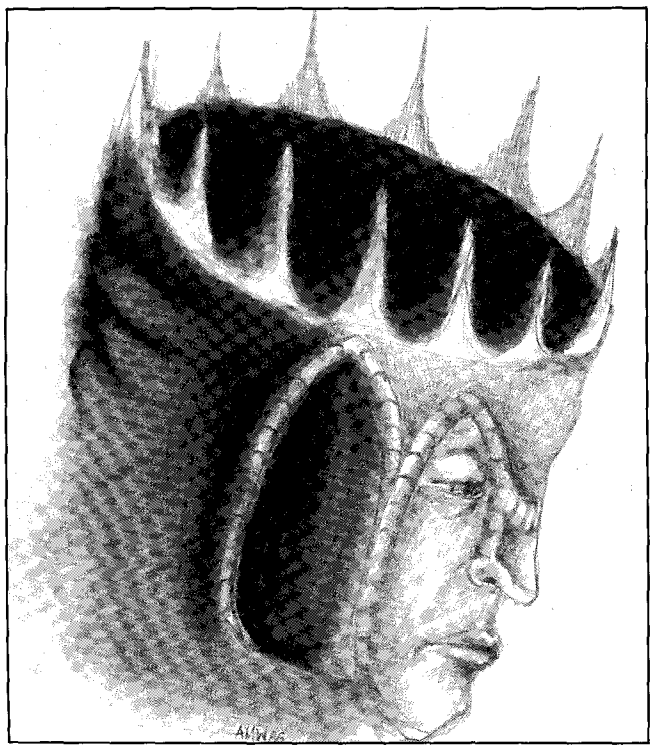
In 1932, reviewing Karl Adam's classic *The Spirit of Catholicism*, Orwell noticed that "very few people, apart from Catholics themselves, seem to have grasped that the Church is to be taken seriously." Well, *he* did not take it very seriously, and as many others before and after him, Orwell buried the Church and the faith all too hastily. He failed to understand the most obvious lesson of its amazing history: that the Catholic Church seems to leave the cemetery just when its undertakers engrave its name on the tombstone.

It is true that there is no belief in the immortality of the soul, no supernatural faith, and no Church in the Orwellian world. But profound and universal religious belief continues to exist in the real world, in what is called a secularized world and that resembles more than we are willing to admit the features of Orwell's nightmare. It has not ceased to exist even in those totalitarian regimes where long ago its extermination was decreed. It may be buried, but it is not dead. It may be underground, but for all we know, enriching the soil for a new resurrection.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAVID JONES: THE LAST LITURGICAL POET *by Thomas P. McDonnell*

The Welsh poet David Jones (1895-1974) wrote two of this century's outstanding literary works, and yet neither a single line of his writing nor any mention of his name is included in so recent a collection as *The Harper Anthology of Poetry* (1981), an otherwise excellent volume of English and American verse edited by the poet-translator John Frederick Nims. Anthologies of poetry, like the social register, are useful chiefly as practical guides of who may be currently "in" or "out" of favor among the suitors of the Muse. No matter how excellent, on the whole, we may admit the critical discretion of the compiler to be, we are sure to be more irritated by a certain and unaccountable omission than one or two questionable inclusions.



In the case of David Jones and *The Harper Anthology*, one is left muttering for what we have failed to see in it—the prominent inclusion of the man and artist who wrote *In Parenthesis* (1937) and *The Anathemata* (1952), both well-known in Great Britain, but hardly taken note of in this country and remaining unpublished here until many years later. T.S. Eliot wrote the introduction for the American edition of *In Parenthesis* (1961) and called it a work of genius which "uses the language in a new way"; while Kathleen Raine considered it "one of the enduring works that came out of the First World War." W.H. Auden thought *The Anathemata* "very probably the finest long poem written in English in this century." It was one of the achievements of Dame Edith Sitwell's much earlier anthology, *The Atlantic Book of British and American Poetry* (1958), that it almost single-handedly brought to the attention of at least some American readers the name and work of David Jones, an Eric Gill sort of Christian artist, skilled in painting, copper engraving, calligraphy, and of course the superlative writing of poetry and prose.

Why, then, the unaccountable lapse in the Nims anthology? Did the anthologist simply determine, in the interests of competitive space, that Jones's poetry demands too much of its own context? But the editors of *The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry* (1973), Richard Ellman and Robert O'Clair, included generous representations of his poetry, with all its necessary footnotes to assist the uninitiated in this very ancient and perhaps timeless world from which the vision of David Jones emerges. Another perception of the worth of David Jones was that of the American poet Winfield Townley Scott, who thanked Edith Sitwell for bringing to us a freshly rewarding feature, "a selection from something called *The Anathemata* by David Jones," which indeed would prove to be the poet's masterpiece.

As for *In Parenthesis*, it is necessary at this point to put that work into some kind of brief perspective. It is too much not a novel to be compared with any of the war fiction by Hemingway or even by Ford Madox Ford. It is too unlike short poems, on the other hand, to be compared with anything by Siegfried Sassoon or Wilfred Owen. But it is narrative and epic poetry at the same time and all that a work of art has to know about the human catastrophe that was World War I. It is written in a language which seems carved on the faces of rocks blasted by shellfire and which we read like the fragments of letters from the recent dead.

Some critics have insisted on the influence that James Joyce must have had on Jones; but the poet denied this, pointing out that it was not until the 1930's, after he had written *In Parenthesis* in 1927-28, that a friend read to him the Anna Livia portions from *Finnegans Wake*. To that point, Jones considered his ignorance of both Pound and Joyce to be "disgraceful." In an age of questionable heroes, *In Parenthesis* is written in an epic style which Jones had mastered—or, more likely, which was natural to him as a given mode of expression. Even his many essays have a gnarled and rough-grained honesty about them.

In any case, not Hemingway nor Norman Mailer nor any other of the so-called war novelists have described more truly the explosion of the first shell, the water-filled shell holes in the dark, the talk of ordinary things among the fatigued, the faint skittering of the rats in no-man's-land, the aloneness of one's thoughts even in "following file friends," and always the rain and the searchlights:

> At intervals lights elegantly curved above his lines, but the sheet-rain made little of their radiance. He heard, his ears incredulous, the nostalgic puffing of

Thomas McDonnell is a free-lance writer living near Boston.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a locomotive, far off, across forbidden fields; and
once upon the wind, from over his left shoulder,
the nearer clank of trucks. . . .

The sound of the train is especially poignant as an audio-image, across those always forbidden fields, which anyone has experienced who has lain awake in military camps on long summer nights.

In addition to the Arthurian *Song of Roland* and other Christian references throughout *In Parenthesis*, there is finally the incredibly beautiful closing section in which the Queen of the Woods (more Blessed Virgin, perhaps, than White Goddess), or she who "has cut bright boughs of various flowering," summons those who are about to die in the ultimate decimation of the platoon, except for the mysterious Welsh private called Dai Great-Coat (no doubt Jones himself), for "she can't find him anywhere."

But there seems a greater sadness in all this than the dulling shock we had nightly come to know from the dreadful body-counts in Vietnam. The sword of Arthur and the horn of Roland can no longer suffice. They are not enough. Men in arms have been so steadily diminished that even their comradeship, which is all they have, may not be enough in the end. The "beautiful" men in *In Parenthesis* are not much different from the Pennsylvania steel-mill workers in *The Deer Hunter* who, having become entrapped in mere morbidity at home, attempt to sing a patriotic ditty for the recovery of spirit. In Jones's great epic, they also sang "Old Soldiers Never Die"; and, as the poet concludes, "The man who does not know this has not understood anything."

If, then, Jones had made a work of epic sadness from history itself, in *The Anathemata* history in turn has made an epic sadness of his greatest and most unified poetic vision—that is to say, the liturgical vision of the Mass as the basis for Western civilization. Ironically enough, the sacred artifacts and rituals of the Mass have been steadily diminished by fiat of official "renewal." *The Anathemata*, or offerings, is so complex a poem that it can hardly be delineated, let alone interpreted, in this space. In the end, however, it is no more difficult than was *The Waste Land* to readers in the first years of the present century. Jones's poetry of worship is not only cosmic, in the Teilhardian sense, but it is also as personal and concrete as Teilhard de Chardin's "Mass on the World," which he celebrated alone in the enormous wastelands of Asia. Jones, on the other hand, celebrates *The Anathemata* in the very dawn of prehistory, as localized in Great Britain, and as witnessed in the emergence of human consciousness itself. *The Anathemata* is like an extraordinary scripture, compelling and original, but in its cumulative effects stunningly singular and clear.

To say that David Jones was a liturgical poet is also to say that he was arguably the only one we have had. There are Christian poets whose various poems may be liturgically arranged—most usually, of course, according to seasons and feast days—but these in fact may be simply the occasional verses of a religious disposition. In this regard, one thinks immediately of Hopkins, St. John of the Cross, Edwin Muir, and the late Thomas Merton. They were primarily sacramentalists, and very good ones at that, but they were not as wholly conscious—as was Jones—of that act of simultaneity which, for him, is coterminous in worship as poetry and in poetry as worship.

It is solely in realization of this that we can even partially understand, in view of the liturgical discontinuity of recent years, that David Jones was indeed the once and future poet of a Mass (the Tridentine) which survives now only by virtue of a kind of cultural accommodation. We know from recent critical studies of him that Jones was shattered by the liturgical reforms of Vatican Council II. The issue had nothing to do, however, with liberal or conservative notions of religious politics. In 1971, he was involved in an appeal to the Vatican which was also signed by such variously

(continued on page 28)

REVISIONS

Scholars and Shamans

The world of scholarship and learning is poorer for the recent death of Mircea Eliade. A brillant mind, learned in a dozen languages and cultures, Eliade tirelessly reminded the desiccated world of modernism of man's priceless and vital religious heritage. We may at least be glad that Eliade finished the final volume of A *History of Religious Ideas* before his death. The third volume has now been published (*From Mohammed to the Age of Reforms*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press; $27.50), translated by Alf Hiltebeitel and Diane Apostolos-Cappadona in collaboration with Eliade himself. Like the first two volumes, it is a rich and provocative work, erudite yet not pedantic, insightful and far-ranging.

Important as they are, Eliade's studies are all too symptomatic of the rot that has infected Christendom in modern times, when the sacred seems almost permanently banished from the sanctuary. In his own words, Eliade has "concentrated less on the familiar creations of Occidental thought (e.g., Scholasticism, Reformation) than on certain phenomena which have largely passed into silence or been minimized in the manuals: heterodoxies, heresies, mythologies, and popular practices such as sorcery, alchemy, and esotericism." The rituals and visions of the Altaic shamans, Sufi mystics, and Tibetan exorcists do hold their fascinations, and Eliade's research has been painstaking. But the implicit relativism of perspective, which treats primitive paganism, Islam, Buddhism, Judaism, and Christianity as simply different "valorizations" of the religious impulse, will annoy anyone who takes seriously the teachings of Parmenides, Moses, or Christ. We can only give thanks for scholarship that broadens our intellectual horizons. But when we eventually join Pascal in wagering our souls, we cannot hedge our bets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clipping the Angel's Wings *by Bryce J. Christensen*

". . . Words strain,
Crack and sometimes break. . . ."

—T.S. Eliot

The Rustle of Language by Roland Barthes, New York: Hill and Wang; $25.00.

The Humiliation of the Word by Jacques Ellul, Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans; $14.95.

Rhetoric and Form: Deconstruction at Yale, edited by Robert C. Davis and Ronald Schleifer, Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press.

The ancients, wiser than modern theorists, recognized language as a gift and (at Babel) a curse from the heavens. Even pagans recognized a Word behind words and a Muse beyond mus-ic. The Creator of the world was everywhere acknowledged as the bestower of words, giving tremendous powers and social prestige to those initiated into the underlying grammar of both. (*Glamour* originated as a variant of *grammar*.) In every literate land in antiquity, the priests praised the gods for revealing the mysteries of writing, and the earliest poets were universally reverenced (as Plato explains in the *Ion*) for the "power divine" that worked through them. (The widespread belief that Plato banned all poets from his Republic is a calumny: Plato welcomed all poets who honored the "forms of theology" so that "God is always . . . represented as he truly is.") It is no wonder that when the Apostle Paul proclaimed the Christian gospel on Mars's Hill, he could cite the verse of the Greek philosopher-poet Cleanthes.

Even when modern rationalists began their baleful work, language enjoyed at least a temporary exemption from their reductionist ambitions. René Descartes, "the father of modern philosophy," arrogantly hoped to explain not only the stars and planets but also all animal behavior and most functions of the human body without recourse to "any other principle in physics than Geometry or abstract mathematics." Yet even this desiccated mechanist sensed something of the wonder of words. "There is," Descartes wrote, "no one of our external actions which can assure those who examine them that our body is any thing more than a machine which moves of itself, but which also has in it mind which thinks—excepting words." And elsewhere: "The word is the sole sign of the presence of thought hidden and wrapped up in the body." Sainte-Beuve, with some justice, accused Descartes of "cutting the throat of poetry" by making man "an angel shut up in a machine." But at least there *was* an angel in Cartesian thought, with language acknowledged as his seraphic wings. From Thomas Hobbes to B.F. Skinner, philosophers since Descartes have embraced his scientistic project, while rejecting the special and anomalous status he assigned to language. John Locke even argued that we know man is *not* one of the "spirits of a higher rank" because he must use "corporal signs and particular sounds" to communicate his thoughts.

By 1820 John Keats was warning that "Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings," and indeed in our century the philosophical attack upon language and literature has been unremitting among that army of structuralists, semioticians, deconstructionists, and critics determined to naturalize every phoneme of every poem. Much of this rage against the *logos*, the transcendent word, has originated in Descartes' own land, dooming the angel of Cartesian linguistics to the fate described (in another context) by Robert Browning:

> And clipt of his wings in
> Paris square,
> They bring him now to be
> burned alive.

As a leading exponent of structuralism and semiology until his death in 1980, Roland Barthes presided as one of the inquisitors at this auto-da-fé. Following in the steps of Ferdinand de Saussure, Barthes sought to develop a "science of the signifier" by analyzing the social, political, economic, and historical systems within which new signs—verbal, architectural, sartorial, artistic—are produced and circulated.

Bryce J. Christensen is associate editor of Chronicles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among his major works in this effort are *Elements of Semiology*, *S/Z*, *Empire of Signs*, and *Mythologies*. As a posthumous collection of assorted prefaces, critical essays, and short articles, *The Rustle of Language* does not represent a major addition to his *oeuvre*. Still, the reader of these diverse essays can get some idea of the problematic character of contemporary language study.

In several of these pieces, Barthes pursues structuralist objectives by "scientifically" dissecting various modes of symbolic expression—that of historians, that of gourmets, that of rulers versus the ruled, that of teachers versus students—trying to discover their internal dynamics and their social significance. Repeatedly, Barthes asserts that, as with Marxism, anthropology, and Freudianism, the goal is "to demystify languages." His "counter-theological" approach to words sets him against "the whole of Western (Greco-Judeo-Islamo-Christian) civilization, unified in one and the same theology (essence, monotheism)." God and the Author must die together on the altar of structuralism.

Yet Barthes concedes "a certain embarrassment, even a certain laceration," caused by structuralism's attempt "to keep the distance of a science in relation to its object," language. "How," Barthes asks, "can [structuralism] fail to call into question the very language by which it knows language?" Just as the self-consuming regression of rationalism finally leads to what G.K. Chesterton called "the suicide of thought," as skepticism finally doubts its own mental tools, even so the attempt to take the scientific measure of words *with* words was foredoomed.

Rather than simply repudiate structuralism and semiology, though, Barthes prefers to redefine them. It was necessary, he explains, for him to "corrupt languages [and] vocabularies" and so "shift the meaning of words" as "a way of thwarting the Image" he had acquired as a leading structuralist "with a touch of narrow pedantry." "In the case of Semiology, which I helped constitute, I have gone over to the side of the Corrupters." Barthes declares that "structuralism's logical extension can only be to join literature no longer as 'object' of analysis but as activity of writing." For him, the "science of the signifier" no longer takes as its goal "the analysis of the sign" but instead seeks the "dislocation" of the sign:

> It is no longer the myths which must be unmasked . . . but the sign itself which must be perturbed: not to reveal the (latent) meaning of a statement, of a feature, of a narrative, but to fissure the very representation of meaning; not to change or purify symbols, but to contest the symbolic itself. . . . Initially, we sought the destruction of the (ideological) signified; now we seek the destruction of the sign.

The goal, acknowledged as "utopian," is the production of "a desituated, dis-alienated language" not repressed by any extant social, political, or historical linguistic order. A language of historical givenness offends Barthes almost as much as one of divine grace, and he denounces grammar as intrinsically "fascistic" because it is "based on subordination: subject, predicate, direct and indirect object." (If grammarians are fascists, does this mean that fascists are no worse than grammarians?) Shorn of every linkage to heaven or earth, "texts" are tied to "no author or origin but language itself, i.e., the very thing which ceaselessly calls any origin into question." (Where were Barthes' royalty checks sent?) These rootless texts are filled with a "plurality of meaning: an irreducible (and not just acceptable) plurality . . . an explosion." This hardly sounds like linguistic "science." Rather, it sounds like in his last years the perpetual avant-gardist was running hard, trying to catch up with Jacques Derrida and all of the literary "deconstructionists" who are still riding high in Derrida's turbulent wake. Rejecting the scientific pretension of structuralism, Derrida has made his career by stressing the radical indeterminacy of language. But Derrida has from the first shared with Barthes and other structuralists an antipathy to any transcendent or theological understanding of language. His project is "the unrelieved temporalization of logos, the reduction of meaning to rhythm, the disintegration of all representation into instinct and *desire*." Readers must abandon the futile search for certainty and truth and instead simply play with multiple interpretations of texts.

In recent years numerous academic critics in Europe and America have adopted Derrida as their prophet and have feverishly "deconstructed" poems and novels for the edification of their bewildered sophomore literature students. Deconstructionists insist that the mind of the author cannot be known and that there can therefore be no authoritative reading of any text. The deconstructor overturns and "transgresses" normative understanding of the text. The new and always provisional meaning of literature emerges in the "lateral dance of interpretation," and we make up the steps as we go along. There is no voice "behind" the text for the deconstructionist, so the poem or novel becomes an echo chamber into which he shouts, with perhaps an occasional chorus sung by his "interpretive community." Since there is "nothing outside of the text" for the deconstructionist, literature no longer offers windows looking out upon new mental landscapes, merely a fun-house array of mirrors for narcissists and solipsists.

In the United States, J. Hillis Miller, Geoffrey Hartman, and Paul de Man—all professors at Yale—assumed the leadership of the deconstructionist movement. With books like Hartman's *Saving the Text*, de Man's *Allegories of Reading*, and Miller's *Fiction and Repetition*, and with help from such other "New Readers" as Harold Bloom and Stanley Fish, they captured widespread attention for deconstruction among college English professors. In 1984 the University of Oklahoma sponsored a conference on deconstruction and its three Yale champions, recently publishing the conference papers and symposia exchanges in *Rhetoric and Form: Deconstruction at Yale*. If this conference may be taken as any indication, deconstruction may already be ebbing as a critical force in literary study.

It is not that the protests of old-fashioned humanists such as M.H. Abrams, Wayne Booth, Gerald Graff, and Denis Donohue are effecting a return to a more traditional and integrative understanding of literature. Far from it. In *Rhetoric and Form*, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loudest voices are those of Marxists and feminists bored by all the pointless "free play" of deconstructive interpretation and zealous for Good Causes. Without actually endorsing the Marxist or feminist critiques, the editors observe in their introduction that deconstruction may well be so "vacuous" and "global" that it lacks both "usefulness" and verifiability and is therefore "without any real force."

In his essay, the best in the collection, J. Hillis Miller anticipates many of the objections—traditionalist and radical—to deconstruction and offers a defense. He demolishes the traditional approach to literary study, tracing it back to Matthew Arnold's attempt to substitute the beauty of poetry for the abandoned doctrines of Christianity. In this view, deconstruction springs from a repudiation of this naive aestheticism and constitutes an attempt to find some new grounding—social, linguistic, psychological, or metaphysical—for literary study. In *Deconstruction and Theology* (1982), Carl Raschke argues, "Deconstruction is the death of God put into writing. . . . Deconstruction is the dance of death upon the tomb of God." Certainly, it is that, but it may be more as well. Deconstruction may also serve, as Thomas Altizer observed, as an "iconoclastic witness," one that may provoke a new Christian affirmation, as did Philo and Spinoza. Miller himself suggests that deconstruction may serve as a species of "negative theology."

Because Matthew Arnold recognized no divine source for language or verse, his adoration of poetry must be regarded as idolatrous. But Arnold borrowed much of the moral and ethical substance of his idol from Christian poets who, with Milton, heard "the Heav'nly Muse." Arnold's idol may fall to deconstructionists only to be replaced by the more barbarous icons of feminists and revolutionaries.

Jacques Ellul offers a more promising way out of the dilemma in *The Humiliation of the Word*, a work devoted to "iconoclasm and . . . the criticism of structuralist ideologies." Indicting Saussure, Derrida, and other of his theory-mad countrymen, Ellul criticizes both the structuralists who are "reducing the word to . . . a scientific object" and the critics engaged in "playful destructuring of language." He provocatively links these anti-Logos thinkers to a much broader and essentially bourgeois cultural displacement of "spoken language and the word" with "images, films, and television." Ellul laments the modern ascendance of images, which convey only reality, over language, the conduit of meaning and truth. (Barthes expresses a more equivocal attitude toward the modern use of images in his essay "Leaving the Movie Theater," where he admits that during his frequent visits to the movie theater part of his mind "gazes, lost in the engulfing mirror," while the other part of his consciousness maintains an "ideological vigilance" over the movie's cultural setting.)

Extending the theses of his widely acclaimed *Technological Society* (1950) and *Propaganda* (1962), Ellul notes how the manipulation of images extends the power of technocratic politicians and undermines the independence of the individual. Like Plato, he regards even writing with some suspicion, affirming the primacy of the spoken word, alive with the voice and personality of the speaker. He holds in contempt the debased use of language in newspapers and pedantic scholarship. In a world of glossy pictures and moribund writing, "poetic communication has been degraded, so we need a rediscovery . . . which would give poetry back its authenticity." As a devout Calvinist, Ellul expresses his deepest distress at the religious implications of the triumph of imagery over language. Reliance upon the visual, he argues, invariably entangles us in idolatry. "The only possible relationship with God is based on the word, and nothing else." Though careful to ground his analysis in Scripture, Ellul ranges freely through the works of Kirkegaard, Marx, Huxley, Malraux, and Ionesco. Impatient with the naive bibliolatry found among Fundamentalists, he seeks a renewed reverence for the mystery of language, "multicentered and flowing, evocative and mythological."

Even many Christian readers will demur when Ellul criticizes those churches with showy liturgy and downgrades the importance of prophetic visions recorded in Scripture. Yet this profound book should convince most readers that if language is to be more than a scientific specimen or a critical plaything, we must locate anew its divine origins and purposes. This will require attention to angels more sublime than any imprisoned in Cartesian machinery. Scripture tells of such beings, who praise God in song and speak to man in *words*.

BOOKS IN BRIEF—LANGUAGES

Homeric Greek: A Book for Beginners **by Clyde Pharr and revised by John Wright; Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press; $11.95.** Innumerable students have been exposed to Pharr over the years, and while it is a terrible idea to teach Homer to beginning Greek students (imagine learning English by way of Chaucer), Pharr's text—updated and revised—is a splendid introduction to Homeric Greek for second or third year students.

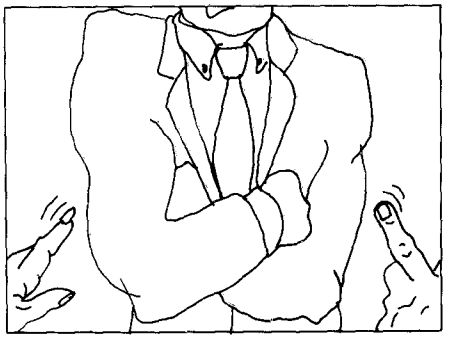
Hobson-Jobson: A Glossary of Colloquial Anglo-Indian Words and Phrases **by Henry Yule and A.C. Burnell, with a Foreword by Anthony Burgess, London: Routledge & Kegan Paul; $39.95.** First published in 1886, *Hobson-Jobson* remains the standard reference work on what happened to English in the Raj. More of an encyclopedia, really, than a mere glossary, *H-J* offers a lifetime of entertaining tidbits for lovers of Kipling and E.M. Forster.

Word Mysteries and Histories: From Quiche to Humble Pie **by the editors of the American Heritage Dictionaries, Boston: Houghton Mifflin; $16.95.** A fascinating collection of semantic trivia which delightfully refutes Samuel Johnson's self-deprecating definition of a dictionary-maker as "a harmless drudge."

Social Communication in Advertising: Persons, Products, and Images of Well-Being **by William Leiss, Stephen Kline, and Sut Jhally, New York: Methuen; $13.95.** A careful sociological and semiotic analysis of 70 years of advertising in America and Western Europe. More cautious and scholarly than the work of Wilson Key or Vance Packard, the authors trace the evolution of advertising away from the marshaling of logical arguments about the product's virtues to the creation of an alluring social mystique surrounding the product. You don't sell Calvin Klein jeans by comparing fabric strength.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU DON'T FEEL AT HOME WITH THE RIGHT OR THE LEFT THESE DAYS . . .



Most magazines like to fit their readers into little boxes. Either you're a New Deal liberal who worships high taxes or you're a New Right conservative who wants to outlaw rock and roll.

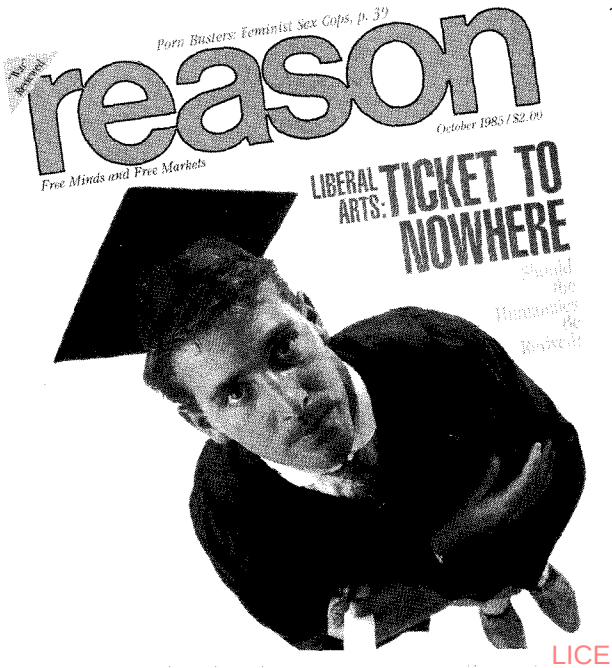
At **Reason,** we know better. We know that lots of people prefer to think for themselves. And we know that today's conventional wisdom is tomorrow's discredited bunk. That's why **Reason** is the only magazine that dares to:

- Explore the case for legalizing marijuana—**and** the case against gun control
- Expose the myth of scientific creationism—**and** defrock the scientific priesthood of NASA
- Question the US role in NATO—**and** publish one of the few **readable** articles ever written about President Reagan's Star Wars proposal

Month after month, 11 times a year, **Reason** delivers a brand of hard-hitting, iconoclastic reporting and commentary that just can't be found elsewhere.

From a rebel's eye view of the Afghanistan war to Charles Murray sharing his favorite books, from exposing feminist sex cops to Thomas Sowell writing on Hitler, **Reason** brings you the freshest thinking around. It's not the conventional wisdom—but then, clear thinking never has been.

So if the wisdom of the right and the left leaves you cold, try **Reason.**



The first issue is free.

☐ Send me the current issue of **Reason** and bill me for a full year (10 more clear-thinking issues) for just $12. If I'm not intrigued with the first issue, I'll return the bill marked "cancel" and owe nothing. The free issue will be mine to keep.
☐ Here's my $12. Send me an **extra** issue free (12 issues altogether) for saving you the trouble of billing me. (If I'm not satisfied with the first issue, I may write for a full refund, no questions asked.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
REASON, Box 27977, San Diego, CA 92128

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sons of Jacob *by Paul Gottfried*

"I pray you think you question with the Jew."
—William Shakespeare
The Merchant of Venice

The Jews Under Roman and Byzantine Rule **by M. Avi-Yonah, New York: Shocken Books.**

Judios, Españoles en la Edad Media **by Luis Suarez Fernandez, Madrid: Ediciones Rialp.**

L'éclipse du sacré **by Alain de Benoist and Thomas Molnar, Paris: la Table Ronde.**

The Jews Under Roman and Byzantine Rule has already appeared in German and Hebrew editions by the same polyglot author who has now produced the English translation. Avi-Yonah has mined Greek, Hebrew, and Latin sources and puts into his footnotes whatever space does not permit him to treat elsewhere. His stated reason for writing his work is that "the period after the destruction of the Jewish state [unlike the earlier postbiblical period] remained as the so-called 'period of the Mishnah and Talmud,' the preserve of specialized historians who regarded it as the 'history of suffering and scholarship' and nothing more. This book has been written in order to restore it to its proper place in the political history of the Jewish nation as a whole."

From the death agony of the Second Jewish Commonwealth through the establishment of a Roman (rather than Hebrew) form of Christianity as the imperial state religion, up to the Arab conquest of the Middle East, Jews, or those perceived as such, were a generally persecuted group. Jewish communities did harrass Christianizing Jews —known disparagingly as "*Minim* [types]"—and would, in some cases, have put them to death, had their punitive power not been taken away by the Romans. Yet, the politically weakened Jews could do little from the second century on to afflict Christians, while the triumphant adherents of what began as a Jewish sect tried to eradicate their mother religion. It is not surprising that kindred religions should fight. The struggles within Christianity and Islam have been at least as violent as their struggles against each other. And though 16th-century Jesuits could speak sympathetically of Oriental religion, they were unsparing in their attacks on the Lutherans.

Still, there is something disturbing about the pervasiveness of medieval anti-Semitism. Outbreaks of violence and institutionalized discrimination against Ashkenazic Jews (those of Rhenish and Central European origin) occurred in Northwestern and Central Europe from the 11th century on; the same things also happened to Sephardic Jews (those of Spanish origin) and to Near Eastern Jews in Christian states even earlier. In the sixth century the Byzantine Empire classified Jews as Christian heretics and reserved the right to treat them as enemies of the Church. Indeed anti-Jewish legislation was enacted in the Roman Empire soon after Constantine's son, Constantius II, proclaimed Christianity the state religion.

In a magisterial study of Spanish Jewry, Luis Suarez Fernandez examines the rise of political and social anti-Semitism in the medieval Christian kingdoms of Asturias, Castile, and Aragon. Fernandez shows that the edict of expulsion issued against the Jews by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492 did not abruptly end a happy age for its victims. Popular outbursts against Jews, often abetted by church and state, had taken place throughout Castile and Navarre from the early 14th century on. Fernandez's historiography is particularly noteworthy inasmuch as it comes from a devout Catholic and a political conservative. By no means a self-hating Christian trying to turn Western civilization against itself, Fernandez is troubled by the undeserved fate of a politically loyal and materially productive medieval Spanish minority.

Although Avi-Yonah tries to be objective in treating his subject, there are two cases in which his interpretations might be challenged. For all his discussion of the Roman persecution of Jews, he generally supports a conventional distinction between the Romans, as occasional political enemies, and the Christians, as persistent religious enemies of the Jews. This distinction is not only untenable, but shows the influence of an unexamined bias among liberal Jewish scholars. Anti-Semitism is made coextensive with Christian society while anti-Christian pagans are presented as religiously neutral, or even friendly, to the Jews: the enemies of one's enemies being, after all, one's friends. Avi-Yonah makes much of Julian the Apostate (361-363), the anti-Christian emperor who tried to restore Roman pagan religion. Although Julian, in the short period that he ruled, treated Jews better than he did his Christian enemies, Roman pagans were rarely friendly to Jews and Judaism. Hostility to Jews was as much at home in Rome as it was in Alexandria and the great cities of the near East.

The writings of Cicero, Pliny, Tacitus, and Juvenal all betray a distaste for both Jews and their exotic way of life. In a voluminous study, the German Jewish scholar Guido Kisch showed that most medieval charges against Jews (with the obvious exception of deicide) originated in ancient Roman society. The Roman Emperor Hadrian, who destroyed the Second Jewish Commonwealth, despised Jews not only as troublesome subjects, but as a culturally disagreeable nation. The ancient Rabbis were certainly aware of Roman hostility to their way of life and to their national existence. In the Talmudic writings Rome is identified with Edom, the descendants of Esau and the perpetual adversary of the Jews. The same identification was later transferred to Roman Christianity, which the Rabbis understood to be continuous with pagan Rome, as a persecutor of their people.

The Rabbis grasped something about later medieval anti-Semitism which the modern Jewish historians have largely ignored. Christianity be-

---

Paul Gottfried is a senior editor of The World and I, *author of* The Search for Historical Meaning *(Northern Illinois University Press), and a practicing Jew.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came anti-Jewish to the extent that it identified itself with Roman civilization and absorbed a pre-Christian set of prejudices. If Romanization was a necessary condition for the transmission of ancient civilization to Germanic barbarians, it was also the means by which Roman anti-Semitism was spread. Christian Spain did not persecute Jews as long as it remained Arian, non-Roman, Christian. When the Visigoths joined the Roman Church in the seventh century, they turned furiously against Jewish settlers in Spain.

Christians who have stressed the Hebraic and rejected the Roman roots of Christianity—e.g., Calvinists and Evangelicals—have generally been well-disposed toward Jews. Jews have fared best in Protestant, Christian countries. This is not to discredit Roman civilization, either its strong family values or its legacy of literature, architecture, and law bequeathed to the Western world. The spread of *Romanitis* had the disagreeable side effect, however, of perpetuating ancient anti-Semitism.

Another bone to be picked with the author is his tendency to contrast Judaism as a religion "that corresponded to the natural feeling of what was right" with Christianity as a "conglomerate" of oriental superstitions and of "magic formulae" taken from the Gnostics. Avi-Yonah's understanding of Judaism and Christianity shows the marks of the Jewish Enlightenment. This is the tradition from which he seems to have come and which in Germany, his country of origin, goes back to Moses Mendelssohn and the mid-18th century. Mendelssohn, a Hebrew scholar and philosopher, and his many epigones were reacting to their Protestant counterparts who claimed to have discovered a "rational religion [*Vernunftsreligion*]" in the primitive church. Not to be outdone, Mendelssohn defined authentic Judaism as a rational ethical system. Jewish rationalists contrasted it with Christianity, which they tried to present as a Judaized version of an Oriental mystery cult. The new polemical weapon proved stronger than historical evidence. To the charge of Christian rationalists that Judaism was an outworn code of ritual, Mendelssohn and his successors responded with their own exaggeration: they identified Jewish ritual with natural reason, while equating Christianity with irrational, and therefore non-Judaic, beliefs.

This interpretative line has resulted in a misrepresentation of both early Christianity and Rabbinic Judaism. It has conveniently ignored the historic overlap between the two religions, a subject which the great religious historian Samuel Sandmel spent much of his life exploring. As Avi-Yonah points out, Christianizing Jews remained within the Palestinian Jewish community into the middle of the second century. Although they and the Rabbis of the Mishnah (the first part of the oral law, compiled around 150) engaged in heated disputes, Christian Jews were considered (and considered themselves) to be Jews. The definitive split between the two groups occurred in the 130's, during the last Jewish rebellion against Rome, led by the resourceful guerrilla commander Bar Kokhba.

Rabbinic leaders rallied to Bar Kokhba and even proclaimed him to be the Messiah destined to rebuild the Temple. Jewish Christians, in contrast, refused to join the revolt, being convinced that their Messiah had already come. Christ had prophesied the fall of the Second Temple, without giving instructions to have it rebuilt. The bitterness caused by the Christian Jews' refusing to join the bloody, unsuccessful rebellion irreversibly poisoned the relations between the two Jewish communities. The source of enmity was primarily this political rift —and perhaps secondarily the lax attitude of Christian Jews toward ritual observance, particularly for converts. No Jewish opponent of the early church accused it of introducing irrational beliefs into the Jewish religion. Such an attack would have been anachronistic before the 18th century, when nonbelieving Christians and Westernized Jews began to dispute over whose religion had more fully anticipated the Enlightenment.

Finally one might question whether Rabbinic Judaism differed from the early Church by virtue of its stress on rationality. Here the distinction might be used which Max Weber draws for early Protestantism and modern rationalism, between a systematic-methodical and a rationalist way of thinking. Like Calvinism, Rabbinic Judaism affirms the supernatural undergirding of its teaching, but also treats salvation as a problem to be planned for. Normative, or Rabbinic, Judaism prescribes a life of ritual observance and the intricate study of ritual law as the path to salvation. It provides the assurance that all Jews who live in the appropriate way and who avoid heresy will have a place in the world to come. To the extent that Rabbinic Judaism teaches that the Jewish people, by systematic application to its divinely revealed code of law, can achieve absolution from sin, it does encourage the virtues of diligence and self-improvement. Yet, it is doubtful whether this belief system can be described as "natural religion," a term that Avi-Yonah borrows from the German Enlightenment.

Avi-Yonah speaks of the "heavy yoke of ritual commandments" and the "indissoluble bond between Judaism and the Jewish nation" as factors that may have driven away potential converts. The ritual observances of Judaism were obviously not reducible to simply ethical precepts unless ethics are made to include, among other things, the separation of meat and

Working Mothers at Home: The Cultural Politics of the Parental Leave Debate

Allan Carlson's latest monthly report on the American family looks at the underlying causes of the current debate over government-mandated "parental leave."

For your copy, return this coupon today, *and* we will send you a FREE copy of "Work and Family: On a Collision Course in America?", Allan Carlson's important work on the problematic relationship of the family and the marketplace.

☐ **Yes**, send me **Working Mothers at Home**. Enclosed is my check for $2.00 (includes postage and handling). Also send me a **FREE** copy of "Work and Family: On a Collision Course in America?"

Name

Address

City State Zip

Mail to: **The Rockford Institute**
934 N. Main St.
Rockford, IL 61103

PW1286

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dairy dishes, the prohibition of the wearing of cotton mixed with linen in garments, and the study of sacrificial offerings and of the preparation of incense for Temple worship. One might note that Rabbinic Judaism anchors dietary and other laws in the Masoretic text of the Five Books of Moses, even those laws not explicitly stated there. The repetition of prescriptions and apparent orthographic redundancies in the authoritative text are used to lend biblical support for a wide variety of Jewish ritual and other practices. All Talmudic laws are viewed, from the standpoint of Rabbinic Judaism, as part of the unchanging Mosaic revelation. Although such a belief can be easily appreciated when seen in context of an evolving national community bound by custom and ritual, the Rabbinic opponents of the primitive Church were not formulating universal rules of conduct on the basis of natural reason. Like the Christians, the Rabbis appeal to the faith of a believing community.

In a recently published book, *L'éclipse du sacré*, the Catholic thinker Thomas Molnar speaks of the essential but not exclusive relationship between the Judeo-Christian universe and human rationality. Since the universe and history are both presented by this religious tradition as the "intelligible work of the Supreme Being who guarantees its transparence to human intelligence," those within this tradition have been more apt than those outside of it to look for rational explanations. This tendency, however, has proceeded in Western society to the point that another aspect of its religious heritage and of all other religious traditions, the sense of the sacral, has gone by the boards.

Molnar blames the rationalist perspective for creating a void rather than attempting a balance between faith and reason. Significantly, the same kind of objection is raised by Alain de Benoist, the neopagan vitalist with whom Molnar coauthored his volume, as a *débat dialogué*. Both writers, though each from a different theological perspective, lament the passing of the sense of transcendence from our desacralized civilization. Although critical differences, aired in the discussion parts of their book, continue to separate the two thinkers, neither one would accept the Enlightenment's notion of "natural religion." Both affirm the metarational and mystical character of religious consciousness and, even more importantly, the dependence of society upon a shared sense of the sacral. It is in discovering the philosophic overlap between Molnar, an ultramontane Catholic, and Benoist, an exponent of Indo-European animism, that one can appreciate the magnitude and implications of at least one current religious debate: between religionists and secular rationalists. In this particular struggle, Jerry Falwell may find himself with strange and unexpected allies.

David Jones

(continued from page 21)

aligned public figures as Vladimir Ashkenazy, Agatha Christie, Cyril Connolly, Colin Davis, Robert Graves, Graham Greene, Iris Murdoch, Sean O'Faolain, Philip Toynbee, E.I. Watkins, and R.C. Zaehner, among many others. Something other than politics was considered here to have been of inestimable value.

Nowhere is David Jones's state of mind on this whole question more clearly revealed than in William Blissett's *The Long Conversation* (Oxford University Press, 1981), a memoir of the author's talks with Jones in the poet's last years. Jones sensed disarray in the Church and scored its prelates for the "overnight abandonment of doctrines and practices they should have understood and loved—and suffered some discomfort to maintain." Blissett says that David spoke bitterly and even profanely about this, "like a man who has been robbed and beaten and left for dead." He wanted to know why they had replaced the Mass that was already known and loved and then set up instead "an unbridgeable discontinuity," as he called it, and worse, "Why must every one of the new experiments be so thin and truncated and incapable of making any lasting impression?"

It is certainly in this sense, if in no other, that David Jones must be seen as the last liturgical poet. There is probably no other instance in modern literary history which so clearly represents the untoward abandonment by special religious interests of a major religious poet. No liturgical context now remains that can possibly inspire or inform the level of poetry achieved in our lifetime by David Jones. Still, like Einstein's theory of relativity returning a point in space back upon itself, a sense of history vaster than the one we know will eventually redeem the vision of David Jones. As he says in his notes for the Argo (London) recording of a selection of his marvelous readings, "That is why *The Anathemata* is cyclic in character and however wide the circles the action of the Mass is central to it and insofar as a circle can be said to have a 'beginning' or an 'end,' it begins and ends with the Mass." For Jones, then, all nature was in itself the gift of incarnation, "capable of being loved and known," and which the poet most fully realizes in the making of sacred objects.

Works by David Jones:

In Parenthesis, New York: Chilmark Press, 1961. Originally published in England, 1937.
The Anathemata, New York: Chilmark Press, 1963. Originally published in England, 1952.
Epoch and Artist: Selected Writings, New York: Chilmark Press, 1959.
Dai Great-Coat: A Self-Portrait of David Jones in His Letters, edited by Rene Hague, London: Faber and Faber, 1980.
The Sleeping Lord and Other Fragments, New York: Chilmark Press, 1974.
The Dying Gaul and Other Writings, London: Faber and Faber, 1978.
The Roman Quarry and Other Sequences, edited by Harman Griesewood and Rene Hague, New York: Sheep Meadow Press, 1981. Distributed by Persea Books, 225 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.
Chilmark Press books are distributed by Random House.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second Adam

by John L. Romjue

***Jesus Through the Centuries: His Place in the History of Culture* by Jaroslav Pelikan, New Haven, CT: Yale University Press; $22.50.**

Most persons now living can expect to witness the turning from the second to the third millennium of the Christian era. The year 2000 *anno Domini* looms as a seeming tower in time, commanding our attentive awe as we approach it. But in our age there is something oddly jarring about "the year of our Lord," that signal event in history from which centuries and millennia are counted. How is it that the very reckoning of time by a materialistic modern world remains bound to the advent of a historical figure whose explanation was spiritual?

For a secular time these questions pose a disconcerting anomaly and irony. Now a scholarly new study by the eminent Yale historian Jaroslav Pelikan has deepened the inquiry by reminding us that Jesus of Nazareth has been the dominant figure in the history of Western culture for almost 20 centuries. "If it were possible with some sort of super-magnet to pull up out of that history every scrap of metal bearing at least a trace of his name," Pelikan asks, "how much would be left?"

Jesus Through the Centuries offers a richly developed cultural study of 18 different images of Jesus Christ. While Christ metaphysically is "the same yesterday and today and for ever," in the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, Pelikan has engaged the many and varied historical images encompassed in that continuity.

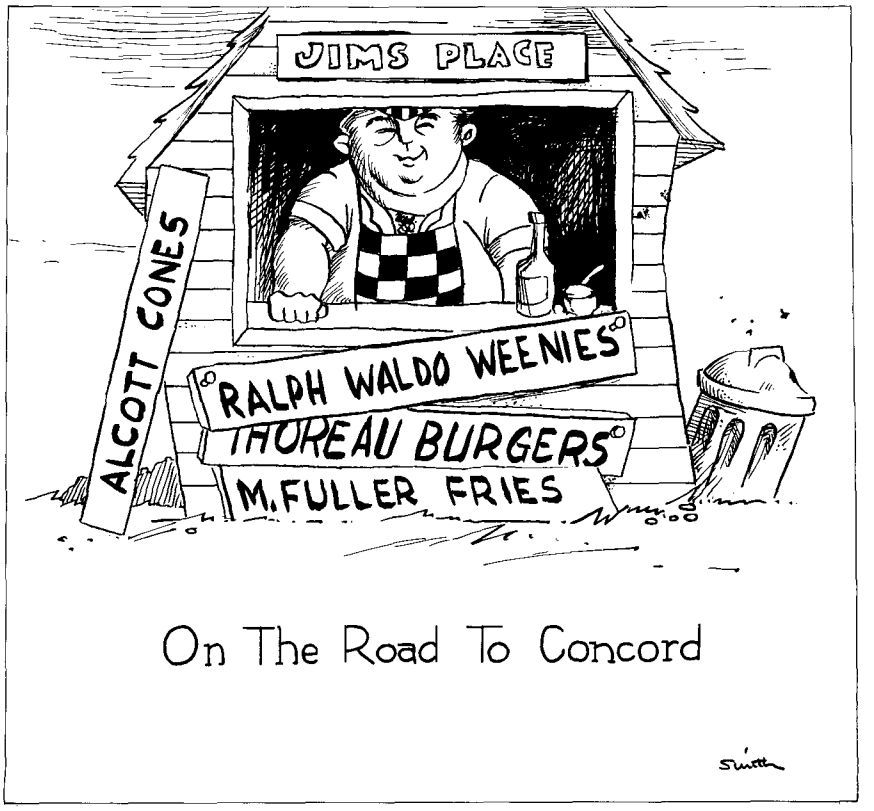
Among these images are Jesus as Rabbi and Teacher in the setting of first century Judaism, as King of Kings of the waning Roman world, and as the Cosmic Christ, whose profound meaning for mankind signified the turning point of history. The image of Christ as Prince of Peace and as Liberator are aspects of the divine purpose that have both transcended and encompassed the social world and that have inspired Tolstoy, Gandhi, and Martin Luther King.

One of the most interesting discussions treats the early Christian image of Christ as Logos, or the Word—that is, as the original and eternal reason and mind of the cosmos as explicated in John's Gospel. What, then, does it mean that man is created in the "image of God"? While the text seems to suggest a physical image, the 2nd-century Christian Clement of Alexandria instead found the "image of God" in the human mind. That is a more sublime concept of mind and word than the mind-denying formulations of writers like William Gass and John Barth, for whom the word is created by the artist, himself oracle, creator, and arbiter of reality.

A corollary of the Christian affirmation of a rational cosmos deriving from divine reason, Pelikan notes, was a rejection in early Christian thought of the arbitrariness of nature gods and astrology. "The sky hung low over the ancient world" is an historian's adage cited by Pelikan which is amply if unwittingly illustrated in the irrational and scatological pagan world conjured up in *Ancient Evenings* by Norman Mailer.

Pelikan especially highlights the image of Christ that emerged from St. Augustine's profound reading of the Pauline Epistles, which emphasize the humanly irredeemable condition of man—the misery that accompanies the grandeur of humanity. It was to that Augustinian image that the Amer-

A·r·t·i·F·a·c·t·s



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ican theologian Reinhold Niebuhr returned in *The Nature and Destiny of Man* in 1939, at a time when mankind was relearning the reality of evil in human nature.

Far from a merely interesting survey of Christian doctrine, Pelikan's well-illustrated study examines such visual representations of Christ as the mystically lighted *Savior* of El Greco, painted "from the eye of a faith-filled soul," and the *Christ Appearing* of William Blake, uniting the risen Christ and the historical Jesus. Pelikan raises to prominence the rich Christian basis of Western culture, expressed in such manifold forms as the Lutheran chorales of Bach, the novels of the Christian Dostoevsky, and the pitiless modern mirror of the orthodox believer T.S. Eliot.

The Enlightenment of the 18th century sought another image of Christ: a Teacher of Common Sense "purified" of divinity, whose precepts the deist Thomas Jefferson neatly divided between the "true" and the "false."

In our own day, Pelikan notes the significant emphasis in the pronouncement of the Second Vatican Council on Christ as the all-reaching "true light that enlightens every man" universally. Is he "A Man for All Ages," as Pelikan in conclusion characterizes humanity's central figure? Whether one accepts the Christian affirmation or not, it seems difficult in a bloody century, dominated by the gods of party, state, and limitless self, to deny the rightness of the Augustinian prognosis: Man is impotent in his misery. Even as 20th century technology probes the outer planets, the sky hangs low over a modern world that finds itself no longer able to protect an unborn child or to define pornography or condemn sodomy or name evil by name.

The 21st century, André Malraux has said, "will be religious, or it will not be at all." What images of Christ will the next millennium know, so soon to be upon us? As the percentage of Christians in the total world population declines, Pelikan sees as inconceivable that the Christian Church will ever conquer the population of the world. But while respect for the organized church has declined, he believes, reverence for Jesus has grown. "Within the church, but also far beyond its walls, his person and message are, in the phrase of Augustine, a 'beauty ever ancient, ever new.'"

John Romjue is a historian with the U.S. Army.

Dialogue of Self and Soul

by Philip F. Lawler

Death of the Soul: From Descartes to the Computer **by William Barrett, New York: Doubleday; $16.95.**

Years ago, I was a different person. I looked different, thought differently, acted differently. And yet I am also the same person; there is no doubt in my mind that the "I" of, say, 10 years ago is fundamentally the same person as the one now writing this review.

Evidently "I" cannot be identified neatly as this set of muscles and bones, thoughts and feelings—although all those are certainly a part of me. Actions and experiences, states of mind and of body: take them altogether, and still they do not add up to the "I" I recognize. Where is that "I," that elusive self?

Yeats asked the question in poetic language in "Among School Children": "O body swayed to music, o brightening glance, / How can we know the dancer from the dance?" Now William Barrett turns the question on modern philosophers and finds their answers consistently inadequate. Since the beginning of the modern epoch, philosophers have found themselves frustrated, stymied, and at last driven to increasing lengths of absurdity in their attempts to explain human consciousness.

Ironically, Yeats makes a cameo appearance in *Death of the Soul*, as an illustration of the nonsensical propositions to which modern philosophy has given birth. In a devastating argument against the notion that a computer could write poetry, Barrett points to the dramatic development of Yeats's art, the palpable effect that age brought to his poetry. Could a computer be similarly influenced by its experiences? Of course not, because a computer is not conscious.

But there it is again: consciousness—the "I" behind my thoughts. David Hume insisted that human consciousness is no more than a collection of sense impressions. Translated into contemporary scientific idiom, perhaps we could say that Hume's consciousness is simply a matter of electronic impulses. And if that is true, then of course a computer *could* do anything that a man can do. So the silly notion that a computer could write poetry is not simply a product of vapors in Silicon Valley. On the contrary, as Barrett demonstrates, it is a logical outgrowth of the ideas that have dominated philosophy since the 17th century.

At the outset, modern philosophy earnestly imitated the methods of the "New Science" that had revolutionized our understanding of the world. But Barrett points out that the principal heroes of the "New Science" were deeply religious men. Isaac Newton, in particular, spent more time meditating on theology than on physics. These men had learned to study nature as a series of empirical, material objects and forces; still they never doubted the simultaneous existence of a spiritual realm. Only when Descartes retired to his solitary room, to emerge with his "Cogito," did philosophy cut human consciousness loose of its moorings in the soul.

To trace the history of modern philosophy from that point of origin to its present predicament would require unusual insight. But William Barrett is equal to the challenge. And Barrett is not only an acute analyst but also an engaging writer. He skips lightly from one thinker to another and back, viewing each philosopher through the prism of this one question: the nature of consciousness. Occasionally he interrupts his own argument and launches onto what seems a tangential issue; careless readers might not notice how artfully those tangents are devised. Of course any serious student of philosophy will find flaws in some of his observations. (I, for one, cannot accept his conclusion that Descartes and Locke were sincerely religious thinkers.) But Barrett's goal is not to summarize all of modern philosophy; he is concentrating on one particular theme, and in that context his analysis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is remarkably incisive.

So the reader follows Barrett's thesis as one follows an adventure. The work of Locke or Berkeley takes on life in the space of a few pages. Viewed through Barrett's lens, Leibnitz is a surprisingly sympathetic philosopher, while Hume seems wholly inadequate. Kant—on whom Barrett rightly concentrates—looms as the single prodigious genius to dominate the discussion of consciousness; yet even Kant's system is fundamentally flawed. As he approaches our own time, Barrett finds philosophy diverging ever further from sanity. Hegel is impossibly vague, Sartre is superficial, Wittgenstein muddled on the question of consciousness. Finally, with the deconstructionists and the patrons of "artificial intelligence," modern philosophy clearly reveals the death wish which, Barrett persuasively argues, it has carried within itself since Descartes.

Although he speaks of "consciousness," "mind," and "self" interchangeably, Barrett reveals something in his subtitle: "Death of the Soul." On several occasions the author contrasts the disembodied consciousness of the modern philosophers with traditional Christian notions about self and identity. So although the message of the book is negative—a demonstration that modern philosophy has reached the point of exhaustion—Barrett suggests that a philosophical solution may be found in the restoration of Christian sensibilities, in particular the rediscovery of the soul. Better yet, he leaves his reader with the tantalizing hope that he himself will soon turn his attention to that ambitious project.

Philip F. Lawler is editor of Crisis *magazine.*

The Future of Private Language

by William Rice

***Selected Poems* by John Ashbery, New York: Viking; $22.95.**

John Ashbery is a familiar name to readers of contemporary American poetry and art criticism. He is, one might say, the poetry establishment and the art establishment woven into one. He has won all the honors, including a lucrative MacArthur Fellowship (which came to him, predictably, *after* it might have been needed). With this background, Ashbery will find Viking's new collection of his poems greeted rhapsodically in such places as *The American Poetry Review* and, perhaps, attacked by impolite youths in more independent sources.

To an educated public-at-large, which doesn't follow new poetry, Ashbery's assembled work offers an instructive look at a hugely successful career in an era of innovation and individualism, and it suggests the future direction of American poetry.

In 1956 Ashbery's first book, *Some Trees*, established the delicacy of tone and elegance of vocabulary which still, in general, mark the most satisfying efforts in his nine later volumes of verse. At his best, Ashbery is so sure of his sound and his rhythms that a purist may even admire the freer poems for their reliance on the old verities of style. In this passage from "The New Realism," for example, the immediate sense of which suffers from a lack of punctuation, he brings a welcome freshness to a eulogy. The deceased woman, a daffy gardener perfectly suited to the genre that might someday be called the Cape Cod Poem, lives on in images and metaphors drawn from her seaside environs:

> . . . The zinnias
> Had never looked better—red,
> yellow, and blue
> They were, and the
> forget-me-nots and dahlias
> At least sixty different varieties
> As the shade went up
> And the ambulance came
> crashing through the dust
> Of the new day, the moon and
> the sun and the stars,
> And the iceberg slowly sank
> In the volcano and the sea ran
> far away
> Yellow over the hot sand, green
> as the green trees

But as with so much fashionable subjective writing, if there is something attractive or even excellent in it, the trick is to identify *what*. This can be hard, especially when the poet also excelled in writing art criticism, a phylum of prose rarely praised for reserve or clarity. Maybe Ashbery had to edit a great deal of bad writing and simply got overexposed, like a chemical worker handling hazardous compounds. In the 1960's, when he headed *ArtNews*, a new critical style, unprecedented in its obscurantism, dominated the cultural vanguard in New York City. It arose from—or produced—dogma as well, which held that self-reflective style, anti-formal innovation, and insistence on multiple perspectives were the hallmarks of good art and even of a worthy personal life.

By 1970, most of Ashbery's poetry becomes not only very cool and distant, like the art of the period, but also nearly incomprehensible. He indulges a love for suggestive words, unreferred pronouns, and abstract vocabulary —"so much news," "imperative of subtlety," "hungers," "the climate of the indecent moment," "breached sense of being." Unfortunately, such phrases conform to the orthodox manner of contemporary verse, and Ashbery slips them to us with the authority of a master. It could, in fact, be argued that it was Ashbery who established the precious "private vocabulary" as poetic orthodoxy. His subjectivism eventually led him, in *Three Poems* and, most recently, in *A Wave*, to write whole tracts of vague, pretentious almost-prose—smart, self-consciously naughty manifestos that speak of "uncomplete importunes," "theories of action," and "the advantages of sinking in oneself." As in "A Wave," Ashbery gives way to a windy nihilism:

> . . . a great victory
> That tirelessly sweeps over
> mankind again and again at
> the end
> Of each era, presuming you
> can locate it, for the greater
> good
> Of history, though you are not
> the first person to confuse
> Its solicitation with something
> like scorn, but the slow
> polishing
> Of an infinitely tiny cage big
> enough to hold all the
> dispiritedness,
> Contempt, and incorrect
> conclusions based on false
> premises that. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True, Ashbery can still write an evocative, clever poem like "Frontispiece" in *Shadow Train* or "Just Walking Around" in *A Wave*. In these he seems to be communicating with his own friends, to be letting his verbal nets hang to dry in a moment of sincerity. In so doing he draws the reader in with his grace and sensitivity, and he achieves anew his sureness of tone and effortlessly fine pacing of line—always the main strength of Ashbery's best verse.

But such pieces become rare indeed as one reads through the 340-odd pages of Ashbery's collected poetry. Instead, one finds an ever-mounting intellectualism, a jaded aesthetic and vague despair that bode ill for poetry, at least in this country.

William Rice is a free-lance writer in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Castro's Heart of Darkness

by Michael Warder

Against All Hope: The Prison Memoirs **by Armando Valladares, New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $18.95.**

Communist governments arrest and imprison citizens who express opinions at variance with official orthodoxies. There is hardly an educated American or European who doesn't know that much. They are also aware that these citizens suffer torture and abuse for many years in those prisons. But it takes more than knowledge to appreciate what goes on in the prisons of the Soviet Union, China, North Korea, Albania, and our nearest example of *Animal Farm*, Cuba: It requires conscience, sympathy, and perhaps even imagination.

Fidel, that romantic figure of the Sierra Maestra who gives interviews to Barbara Walters and Dan Rather, has managed over the years to be the "good" Communist fighting the evil imperialist to the North. The Cuban economy may be a shambles, his mercenaries are in Africa and Central America, and hundreds of thousands of his countrymen choose to risk their lives rather than stay in the country, but somehow Fidel rises above it all.

Fidel may not be able to rise above his most powerful critic, Armando Valladares, who exposes Fidel as an evil man responsible for the unimaginable suffering of thousands of innocent people. In a stark and simple narrative, Valladares recounts 22 years spent in Cuban prisons. Tortured by beatings, starvation, sleeplessness, prolonged exposures to heat and cold, and biological experiments, he and others were kept in cages and prevented from sleeping by guards who would hit them with poles and urinate on them. Not only was Valladares forced to sleep in human waste, he and other prisoners were forced to swim—quite literally—in human and animal waste while unblocking a sewer system. Prison officials allowed the prisoners no water after their work in the sewer, and they lived for weeks encased in filth. Kept stark naked for years because he refused to wear the uniform of common criminals, Valladares and 6,000 others lived for a time on top of hundreds of boxes of dynamite wired to explode if the "enemy" should try to liberate the prison.

Many prisoners died, submitted to "rehabilitation," or went mad. Incurable diseases were common among those who survived. Through tremendous heroism, some endured. Some even grew spiritually and gained a new perspective on the world. Some, like Valladares, are now among us, trying to share that perspective. While in prison, the problem of communication was clear enough. They were in jail, behind walls and bars. The trick was to get the writing on some paper and sneak it out of the prison to a friend, a future wife, a mother, anyone. Valladares smuggled out messages better than most, and those messages prevented him from becoming number 26830 erased from the prison roles. But now that Valladares is out of prison, can he get the message across? Who will understand? Freedom to write and speak is not the only requirement.

There is still talk of establishing relations with Cuba. Before we allow Castro to set up an embassy in Washington, we need to consider carefully what he did to his own former comrades. The victims included many major figures in the Revolution. Like Stalin, Castro had to deal with his own Bukharins and Trotskys who had a different idea about what the Revolution was all about. Like Stalin, he tortured, killed, and silenced them.

After the Revolution, some dissidents joined bands that went into the mountains to wage violent struggle against Fidel. *Granma*, the official Cuban Communist newspaper, reported that "179 guerrilla bands made up of 3,591 men" killed 500 Cuban soldiers through 1970. These figures are probably low, but even so, they testify against the popular support Fidel is supposed to enjoy.

Perhaps the most memorable appearance in Valladares' prison memoirs is made by Gerardo, known as the Brother of Faith. A Protestant minister who instilled faith by example amidst dehumanizing circumstances, he constantly rallied prisoners on the brink of despair and madness. Guilty of leading prayer meetings in prison and of other acts of pious subversion, Gerardo maintained his tranquillity and his self-possession in the face of torture and beatings. In the midst of an especially brutal attack on the prisoners by guards, the unnamed Brother of Faith gave his most memorable sermon. Valladares quotes this man's dying words as the valediction to his final summary of 22 hellish years:

> As the cars sped along, a flood of memories rushed over me. Twenty-two years in jail. I recalled the two sergeants,

M·O·V·I·N·G·?

LET US KNOW BEFORE YOU GO!

To assure uninterrupted delivery of *Chronicles*, please notify us in advance. Send change of address on this form with the mailing label from your latest issue of *Chronicles* to: Subscription Department, *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, Illinois 61054.

Name

Address

City State Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Porfirio and Matanzas, plunging their bayonets into Ernesto Díaz Madruga's body; Roberto López Chávez dying in a cell, calling for water, the guards urinating over his face and in his gasping mouth; Boitel, denied water, too, after fifty days on hunger strike, because Castro wanted him dead; Clara, Boitel's poor mother, beaten by Lieutenant Abad in a Political Police station just because she wanted to find out where her son was buried. I remembered Carrión, shot in the leg, telling Jaguey not to shoot, and Jaguey mercilessly, heartlessly, shooting him in the back; the officers who threatened family members if they cried at a funeral.

I remembered Estebita and Piri dying in blackout cells, the victims of biological experimentation; Diosdado Aquit, Chino Tan, Eddy Molina, and so many others murdered in the forced-labor fields, quarries, and camps. A legion of specters, naked, crippled, hobbling and crawling through my mind, and the hundreds of men wounded and mutilated in the horrifying searches. Dynamite. Drawer cells. Eduardo Capote's fingers chopped off by a machete. Concentration camps, tortures, women beaten, soldiers pushing prisoner's heads into a lake of shit, the beatings of Eloy and Izaguirre. Martín Pérez with his testicles destroyed by bullets. Robertico weeping for his mother.

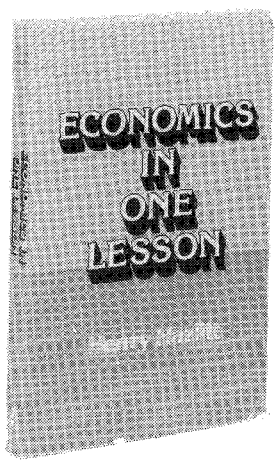
And in the midst of that apocalyptic vision of the most dreadful and horrifying moments in my life, in the midst of the gray, ashy dust and the orgy of beatings and blood, prisoners beaten to the ground, a man emerged, a skeletal figure of a man wasted by hunger, with white hair, blazing blue eyes, and a heart overflowing with love, raising his arms to the invisible heaven and pleading for mercy for his executioners.

"Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." And a burst of machine-gun fire ripping open his breast.

Michael Warder is executive vice president of The Rockford Institute.

"Its insights have guided my own thinking and I am proud to count myself as one of your students." —RONALD REAGAN

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



This book has been the springboard from which millions have come to understand the basic truths about economics—and the economic fallacies responsible for inflation, unemployment, high taxes, and recession. Henry Hazlitt is the dean of American free market economists, and his clear, concise style illuminates ideas that all generations should know and appreciate.

Now you can purchase this quality paperback edition for only $6.95. Add it to your reference shelf—you'll look through it often—or make it a special gift for a friend or a student.

"(Hazlitt) is one of the few economists in history who could really write." —H.L. MENCKEN

ONLY $6.95 FROM LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS
Order #HH0014

★ ORDER TOLL-FREE ★
1-800-2382200 EXT 500
Continental U.S. • 24 hours a day • 7 days a week

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.*

☐ Please send me _____ copies of Henry Hazlitt's *Economics in One Lesson* for only $6.95 each, plus $1.00 for postage and handling ($2.00 for foreign orders).

☐ Send me your 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $_____.

☐ Please bill my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Order from: LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS, Dept. CAI
532 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
(212) 925-8992

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Maryland

by Martin Morse Wooster

Rendezvous With Billy

The established church in Washington didn't know what to make of Billy Graham.

By "established church," I don't mean the main-line Protestant churches: They were too busy trying to convert their churches into instruments of Democratic foreign policy to care very much about religion. The only established church that counts in Washington, as everyone knows, is the *Washington Post*.

When Graham was last in Washington, in the early 1970's, he was clothed by the media in the tattered garments reserved for close friends of Richard Nixon. In the past decade, however, Graham's successors—Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, Jimmy Swaggart—had superseded him, creating vast fund-raising machines that dwarfed anything Graham had produced. In the *Post*'s eyes, Graham was still a Fundamentalist Christian, yet there was no Billy Graham University, no Billy Graham City of Faith, and Graham had never passed judgment on whether or not God approved of the U.S. Department of Education. The *Post* could not damn him too heavily.

The *Post*'s religion editor, bothered with actually covering religion instead of her usual beat of watching bureaucrats merge the main-line Protestant churches into the United Church of Everything, listlessly went to the first night's sermon and pronounced the affair "a spiritual Tupperware party." The *Post*'s feature writer, Paul Hendrickson, who previously bored thousands with a book detailing his efforts to quit the Catholic Church, flailed about trying to find the finest metaphor to hang Graham. Graham looked like "he was descended from some prehistoric Blue Ridge tribe" . . . no, he was "Daniel Boone in golf togs" . . . no, his voice was "medieval, as if he had just stepped from a castle on a heath." . . .

What Billy Graham is, of course, is the end of a tradition. Television transformed the nature of evangelism; it's far safer to try to reach people through television (where you can combine short sermons with long appeals for money) than to have to go on a crusade and convince a huge audience. Only Billy Graham still had the strength to face the public on his own terms. I had to hear him.

Graham's audience was unusual for Washington. There were no protesters, except for an old crank with a bedraggled sign saying "JESUS CHRIST WILLED MARINE HOLOCAUST: I WARNED THE WHITE HOUSE," and a few people from "World Peacemakers" urging Graham's flock to quit worrying about this gospel stuff and fret instead about all the "true Christians" being tortured by *contras* in Nicaragua. (The Sandinistas, of course, were squeaky clean.)

I walked in and sat in the press box, and began to absorb the press releases. Billy Graham blistered the world in 1985; first in Miami, then in Hartford, then in England, and finally in Southern California, where 95,000 people crammed into the 80,000 seats in Anaheim Stadium "creating a breathtaking spectacle . . . an 8.5 on the Lord's Richter scale."

I wasn't about to measure audiences on the Richter Scale of Eternity, but the night I was there, there were 17,498 ordinary Americans and two politicians, Senator John Stennis (D-Mississippi) and Interior Secretary Donald Hodel. I wasn't sure where all the other politicians were; no doubt they were throwing lightning bolts at each other, recharging their batteries, or whatever people do at "power parties."

The service began with Mr. George Hamilton IV, a cousin of the tanning artist, who sang a few insipid hymns and sank into the shadows. Then Mr. Dave Roever, a Vietnam veteran who discovered Christ after having a fragmentation grenade blown up in his face, told stories about the struggle he had to recuperate. "I have an artificial ear," Roever said. "When people ask, 'How do you play the piano?' I say, 'By ear,' and show it to them. . . . "

Roever disappeared, and George Beverly Shea (a 40-year-veteran of Graham crusades) began to lead the audience in a series of increasingly rousing hymns. First came "When We All Get to Heaven," with its jaunty rhythm; then "Victory in Jesus," and finally "God of Our Fathers."

"God of our fathers, whose almighty hand leads forth in beauty all the *starry* band. . . . " As soon as the choir sang "starry," Graham rose from somewhere and strode to the stage.

Graham is still majestic in his twilight. Age has ennobled him; his hair has grown into a silvery-brown mane, and his face, still, as always, an *Ameri-*

Plains
POETRY JOURNAL
Edited by Jane Greer. Traditional poetic conventions used in vigorous, compelling new works. Heartening manifesto for SASE. $3.50/sample. Plains Poetry Journal, P.O. Box 2337, Bismarck, ND 58502

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can face, stern and joyous—bore the creases expected of a 67-year-old man. Yet Graham is tireless. "Someone asked me when I was 65 what was the greatest surprise in life? I said—its *brevity*! I feel like I'm 18 again! Just a kid!"

Graham spoke for an hour, peppering his sermon with quotations from everyone from Novalis to Led Zeppelin, with illustrations thrown in from Graham's travels, which ranged from an alligator-shooting trip in Florida to a regrettable crusade in the Soviet Union, where "the Soviet people responded to the Gospel—*just like you.*"

The subject of Graham's sermon was death, how people try to avoid the inevitable by wasting their lives accumulating wealth and power instead of accepting Jesus Christ as a preparation for eternal life.

The sermon was simple, but not simplistic, and Graham kept his speech lively by throwing in large dollops of folk humor. "Have you ever seen a house on the way to the cemetery with a U-Haul?" Graham said. "You can't take it with you. Even if you got it all, what happiness would it bring you?"

Graham's greatest strength, however, was the way he used his hands. At one point Graham was speaking of the death of Rock Hudson, and his hands summed up the vanity of Hudson's life. "All those exercises!" Graham's hands pulsed up and down, as if doing jumping jacks. "All those vitamins!" His hands were held outstretched, as if he was prepared to swallow more pills in a minute than Elvis Presley gobbled in a month. "And Hudson is still *dead.*" ("Dead," in Graham's accent, was pronounced halfway between "dod" and "daid.")

The sermon went on for an hour and concluded with a parable about a jester on a ship, who had put all his wealth into a diamond-studded ball, which he flung and caught three times. The third time, the ball fell off the ship's deck and vanished into the sea. "Your soul is like that ball," Graham said. "Are you going to toss it away, or are you going to commit yourself to Jesus Christ? It's time to make a public dedication to Jesus Christ."

I didn't know how many times Graham had asked people to come forward, but it was still moving to watch hundreds of people surge towards the stage. The choir sang soft hymns, and Graham's voice had subsided into a whisper. "You haven't come to me," Graham said. "You've come to Christ."

As the people moved forward, black and white, male and female, soldier and civilian, you could feel, at least for a moment, that the tensions had fled from the world, that, at least for a minute, all the factions of American life had fused into a harmonious whole. As I left, I could see how diverse Graham's ministry had become.

"We need a Korean translator," Graham said, "a Chinese translator, a Spanish translator. . . ."

Martin Morse Wooster is Washington editor of Harper's *magazine.*

Letter From the Presbytery

by C.A. McGhee

Renaming God

We were ambushed last Christmas Eve by a gang of politicians disguised as Presbyterian clergy and elders. The scene was a sanctuary; the occasion a candlelight service. The weapons our assailants used were so subtle: newly printed orders of service with the lyrics to all those familiar Christmas hymns set forth where they were to be sung. And it was there, along this bypass of the old hymnals, that they fell upon us.

As we made our way through the first verse of Edmund H. Sears's "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," expecting to sing with those bending angels, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," the trap sprang. The awful word, "men," had been "improved" to read "all." The word and its note crumbled in our confusion and, weakly, something like "maul" trickled out. Poor Sears.

The enormity of the crime became clear only when, in the "New Hark! The Herald Angels," the "sons of earth" whom Christ was born to raise were unceremoniously toppled and "each child" enthroned. The evening's only saving grace was that the High Ideologues of the Presbyterian Church had not yet the temerity to convert the Three Wise Men into the Three Wise Persons. I await this Christmas with trepidation.

The censorship of hymns is a supreme example of undertaking to fix that which is not broken. Is there doubt about whether Christianity includes women among the saved? Of course not, and no Christian woman has ever suffered from the mistaken belief that women are excluded. So what is the point? The point is politics. But the effort to redraft the hymns to suit political purposes is despicable. The lyrics Charles Wesley wrote in 1749 for "Hark! The Herald Angels" are what they are; we moderns no more have the privilege to alter them than we do to reshape Mona Lisa's smile.

In the Presbyterian Church, or to be more precise, in the Presbyterian administrative and academic hierarchy, partisan politics are now dictating the particulars of church doctrine—right down to the wording of the hymns. Now rewriting hymns may seem a petty affair, but there are graver matters afoot. Consider the source behind the censorship of carols: the Reports on Inclusive Language, composed largely by the Presbyterian Church's Council on Theology and Culture. The Report itself contains the usual, and now boring, feminist prohibition against the traditional use of the masculine as a pronoun of indefinite gender. This prohibition is so much folly and bother about which the laity cares little and probably will not adopt unless it is forced down their throats. Alas, such coercion is exactly what the Ideologues intend.

What truly gives pause lies deeper in the document. Scripture itself is to be redrafted: When reading the Bible, lectors are to remove indefinite masculine pronouns and replace them with something "inclusive." The words of Moses, Isaiah, Paul, and Christ Himself are to be changed. The idea grows all the more preposterous when one recalls that the meaning of the Prophets, the Apostles, and the Son was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never in doubt.

Redrafts of the future run deeper still. We are to shy away from calling God "Father" too often. Instead, we should tend more toward the likes of "Foundation," "Helper," "Triune One," "Ground of Being," and the heart-stirring "Other." And the search is on for the "new terms which refer to the being of the persons of the Trinity." We are permitted "for the present" to employ the ancient formula, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost," but the use of "Mother," for example, is currently being studied and discussed. In the meantime, there is no prohibition on the use of "Mother" or anything else for that matter.

But more: The epilogue of the Report warns that, while exploring for and discussing new language, we must not become "idolatrous of any particular set of terminology." The Presbyterian hierarchy clearly means to imply that those who cling to the Father and the ancient Trinity are not only unloving, but idolators as well.

C.S. Lewis once wrote that it is the business of Christianity "to present that which is timeless in the particular language of our own age." But, he also said, the "bad preacher" does the opposite: "He takes the ideas of our own age and tricks them out in the traditional language of Christianity."

And it is indeed a battle of ideas, not a loving discussion of linguistics, that presently racks the Presbyterian Church. By importing their own contemporary political ideas, the hierarchy aims at nothing less than converting the church into a partisan political organization.

The long-standing, left-wing politics of the Presbyterian hierarchy form the larger context of the effort to rename God. The proof of their allegiance is manifold, from their gift of $10,000 to the Angela Davis Defense Fund to their routine endorsement of the pronouncements of the National and World Council of Churches on peace and economics.

The spectacle of a modern, left-wing clergy is deeply ironic. As Richard John Neuhaus notes in *The Naked Public Square*, "The public program of many mainline churches is hardly distinguishable from the program of the American Civil Liberties Union for the elimination of religious influence from American public life." Neuhaus contends that if the public square is left "naked" (that is, without the benefit of religiously inspired principles) too long, the state will fill the void with amoral or immoral tyranny. Alas, the public square has remained naked too long and the main-line clergy have inhaled too deeply its political fictions. The Ideologues propose new doctrines that tend, incredibly, to eliminate religion from religious life. We shall soon have a naked altar to match our naked square.

The governing and probably the only principles of the naked public square are the often contradictory fictions of total liberty and radical egalitarianism. By definition, the naked square is vacuous, devoid of substance, without particular or distinguishing attributes. In short, it is a process or an arena for games without an object. Traditional Christianity, on the other hand, with its God, the Father Almighty, has distinct attributes; it is full of particular substance. In a sense, it is too *real* for the Ideologues. As a reflection of the public square's emptiness, the God of the left must be vague, abstract, and, above all, mutable.

Witness a flyer titled "Africa Awareness," which I recently received from our Synod. It outlined the problem of drought and hunger and noted that money was needed to buy, store, and deliver food. Yet, amazingly, there was no solicitation of funds; we were told, instead, where to write for "resources." How very much the flyer's concluding sentence says about the philosophy of the main-line leadership: "A concern is that governments are withdrawing from their moral responsibilities to support global structures for peace and justice through a return to 'charity' by individuals." We have come to this: that our leaders are shameless statists who place their faith in "economic democracy" rather than charity.

Meanwhile, until the Ideologues can establish a new regime in which the objectives of the secular and sectarian realms happily converge, all old forms of authority are under attack. The Presbyterian leaders' commitment to "sanctuary" for illegal Central American immigrants is proof of their disregard for liberal democracy, which, if it is to have any meaning at all, must rely on the rule of law. If the laws even of a legitimate democracy are not worthy of obedience, then there cannot be government or any secular order among Christians. In fact, it is the very essence of tyranny for one group to place its politics above the law and beyond the claims of the electorate.

But the more telling objection to the Ideologues is that their partisan politics profoundly threaten the church. The political game divides its subjects; it is fractious; it breeds contention. The catholic nature of the faith should bind us in a realm largely separate from the partisan form of politics. The faith, "mere Christianity," shows us our ends and outlines the broad limits of acceptable means for attaining them. In a democracy, partisan politics involve the selection of the most practical of these acceptable means. For the church to adopt or endorse particular means presumes too much and implies a knowledge of the divine will beyond the church's capacity. Moreover, the mission of the church is itself conservative in a real, though not political sense. To a large degree, the church's purpose is to conserve, pass on, and proliferate a message, a witness in as clear and pristine a form as possible. The church cannot place itself in the forefront of a partisan movement without jeopardizing its first principles.

Yet the Ideologues seem intent on schism. According to Pastor Neuhaus, one Methodist Bishop expressed deep distress at a November 1980 meeting of Methodist Bishops over the election of Ronald Reagan: The "saints" had somehow proved weak in their efforts to win over the populace. The Bishop had hope, however, for if the "people of faith" could gain strength from their failure, they might move on to victory next time. Doubtless, not a few good Methodist Republicans would be surprised to learn that they are no longer counted among the "people of faith."

In the Bishop's attitude we can see the true, hypocritical nature of the effort to rename God. The Ideologues play shallow linguistic games to demonstrate their magnanimous "inclusion" of women, who never were excluded, but they employ their sanctimonious politics to effect very real exclusion of those who vote a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different party line. The renaming of God appears to be part of a larger political program designed not to include women, but to drive the politically undesirable from the church.

For Presbyterians not seduced by politics, the immediate challenge is that of preserving the name of the Father. It ought to be enough to recall that Christ has directed that we address God as Father. Yet by changing the name of God, the Ideologues lay claim to understanding Scripture better or more fully than did two millennia of apostles, church fathers, and humble laity.

True enough, Christians are not anthropomorphists: God is not as human males are. But the Lord as Father is nevertheless a profound symbol to us of certain of His attributes and, in particular, of the special attributes He carries in His revealed relationship with us. Though spirit, God has distinct, personal being, and Fatherhood best reflects what He is to us in our fallen state.

If all the world is an imperfect metaphor for something of God or Heaven, then we must cling tenaciously to the image of the Lord as Father. For the same reason, we must cling to the metaphor of the church as bride and Christ as bridegroom. "We have no authority," C.S. Lewis wrote, "to take the living and semiotive figures which God has painted on the canvas of our nature and shift them about."

Even if we do not fully understand the mysteries and metaphors of God, still we must trust in them. Whatever else it may be, Heaven will not be empty: It will have distinct qualities. In the relations of the sexes, in marriage and family, God grants us—in our better moments—a glimpse of the things of Heaven.

In place of the Father, the Ideologues offer us only abstraction, obscurity, and ambivalence in their new image of God. But under a regime of abstraction the church's discipline will wane and her face to the world dissolve: she will be unable to engender love. Who will run to the Great It for comfort? Desperate men do not seek abstraction.

We must not remake God in our political image. Rather, we must keep the Faith. If it rings true, as it always has, in the ears of the poor, the desperate and the weary, they will come to the Father, *not* to fill their bellies or cast their ballots, but to save their souls.

C.A. McGhee is a trial lawyer in Pittsburgh and an Elder in the Presbyterian Church

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

What I Would Have Asked: A Tale of Two Cities

1. Fargo, North Dakota—Not long ago, in a city far, far away from almost everything, there was founded an abortion clinic called the Fargo Women's Health Organization.

A little later came an antiabortion counseling center, which its supporters named the Fargo-Moorhead Women's Help and Caring Connection, Inc.

The abortion clinic obtained a temporary injunction and is seeking a permanent one, barring the antiabortion group from using its current name. The abortion clinic contends that the Help and Caring Connection "used deceptive advertising and other practices to lure women in so it could convince them not to have abortions," according to the AP story.

The abortion clinic's attorney claimed the antiabortion center "chose its name to confuse pregnant women into thinking they were dealing with an abortion clinic," the article continues, and said that the center's newspaper advertising is deceptive in that it "does not make it clear that the center does not perform abortions."

Now, maybe there's something in the water these days that makes pregnant women stupid or more gullible than they have been in the past. Maybe the names of the two clinics sound more alike to those who know about such things than they do to me. Maybe a pregnant woman hell-bent on getting an abortion, who walked into the wrong building by mistake, wouldn't have the brains to know she'd goofed and would think she'd had an abortion even though she had not.

Still, what *I* would have asked the abortion clinic spokesperson is: "How does it hurt you if a woman talks to the antiabortion group?"

It seems like a logical question. Is it the loss of income they fear? The political repercussions if fewer women obtain abortions? Surely it's not the pro-abortionist view that a decision to give birth is irreversible; it's the *abortion* that can't be undone and that can be performed at leisure any time over a period of months. So what is it?

The truth, of course, is that it's all of the above. Abortion clinics bring in big bucks. The political clout of pro-abortionists *would* be diminished if fewer abortions were performed. And often a thoughtful decision to *not* abort *is* hard for a pro-abortionist to reverse.

But no one asked the question.

2. Toledo, Ohio—Sarabeth is the cute, 11-year-old daughter of Concepcion Eason, an abortion rights activist and former assistant director of a Toledo abortion clinic. Sarabeth, who has barely entered puberty, likes abortion because it is "safe and legal," and

JOHN STEINBECK'S FICTION

The Aesthetics of the Road Taken
By John H. Timmerman

We know a great deal about the lively surface of John Steinbeck's writings, but we are not as aware of the undercurrents of unique personal experience, naturalism, rebellion, skepticism, and artistic commitment that formed the stream of his fiction. Steinbeck readers and scholars alike will find in this book insightful commentary on the Nobel Prize winner as literary craftsman, a subject less often explored than his role in the development of America's post-Depression social conscience.

$22.50

Write for free catalog
From your bookseller or order books direct
(add $1.50 post/hand).

University of Oklahoma Press
Dept. 971 1005 Asp Ave Norman, OK 73019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because of her public display of her beliefs, she is no longer welcome at St. Agnes School.

She appeared on TV in January in a demonstration against proposed Ohio legislation that would mandate notification of a minor girl's parents before she received an abortion. She also signed her name to a newspaper ad celebrating the anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade*.

The spokesman for the Roman Catholic Diocese of Toledo puts it nicely: "Clearly, one removes oneself from the Catholic and Christian community when one advocates, finances, supports, or encourages another person to participate in abortion."

Sarabeth has attended parochial schools since kindergarten but will go elsewhere for the sixth grade this fall, saying she refuses to pledge to keep her views on abortion private or to write a letter to her principal saying she does not believe in abortion, as St. Agnes' administrator asked her to do.

"It will give them the idea they have the right to take away my freedom of wanting to believe in abortion or not," she told the AP in typically confused 11-year-old language, "and make them feel they could do that to other children, which they shouldn't be able to do."

All this in a child whose friends snarf down Fruit Roll-Ups and would die for a date with Prince.

Concepcion Eason says, "We're angry and disappointed with the Church. I believe in freedom of choice, freedom of speech. They can't tell us what we cannot say in public. I am teaching my daughter to be what she wants to be and fight for whatever causes she wants to."

Here's what I would have asked Concepcion (o unlikely, unhappy name!): "As a member of NOW" —I'm guessing here—"would you tolerate another member who advocated lower pay for women than for men? As a gay rights activist"—again, a guess—"would you put up with a member who held that homosexuality is a sin? No? Then why are you surprised that the Catholic Church, one of whose oldest, deepest, and most self-evident tenets is the prohibition of abortion, looks askance at your daughter's pro-abortion views? Why do you want to be a Catholic? Why do you think you *are* a Catholic? Why do you want your daughter to attend a Catholic school? And what would happen to Sarabeth's 'freedom of choice, freedom of speech' if she switched horses and signed an *anti*abortion ad?"

And to the Church: "If Sarabeth, a child, and obviously her mother's mouthpiece, has, as you say, removed herself from the Catholic and Christian community, what of Concepcion and all the others? Are we talking 'excommunication' here?"

This is what I would have asked.

Jane Greer edits Plains Poetry Journal *and is the author of* Bathsheba on the Third Day *(The Cummington Press).*

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Why I Am an Episcopalian

A friend of mine was having a theological discussion with his cleaning lady one day (people do that sort of thing in the South), and the subject of the End of Time came up. They agreed that the signs are all in place, and that it must be coming soon, if the Bible is to be believed.

"You know, Mr. Ferrell," she said, "I believe that. I really do. But if you think about it too much, it will drive you crazy."

Some of us feel that way about religion in general, but I see where the *Chronicles* readership survey says you all want more on the subject, and I aim to please. So here goes.

My friend Tim lives in Chicago. Now in his 40's, he recently felt the stirrings of a long-dormant religious impulse. Raised in a Scotch-Irish household of stern Presbyterian persuasion, he naturally sought out the nearest franchise of that denomination. When its minister suggested that perhaps a refresher course would be in order after a 25-year absence, Tim enrolled in a program for prospective new members.

After several meetings, Tim grew increasingly restive and finally asked the question that was on his mind: "What about sin?" he said. "You haven't mentioned sin." The minister hemmed and hawed, Tim reports, and replied, in effect, that modern churchmen don't believe in that any more.

Now, when it comes to sin, Tim is like the man who was asked if he believed in infant baptism: He not only *believes* in it, he's seen it with his own eyes. So he decided that the church of his childhood was no longer for him, and he was recently confirmed as an Episcopalian. He says Episcopalians will let you believe in anything you want to. Even sin.

Probably the best face that can be put on what's happening to the American Episcopal Church is to say that it's retracing its steps to the 18th-century Church of England from which it emerged. After Elizabeth I declined to put windows into men's souls, Anglicans *could* believe pretty much what they chose, so long as they maintained a decent regard for appearances. And once the Church of England got out of the religion business, it found all sorts of other interesting things to do. The American church seems to be doing the same.

Unlike its Established mother church, for instance, the American church doesn't have its bishops sitting in the House of Lords, but it does its best to share in the task of government, if only by passing embarrassing resolutions on all sorts of matters beyond its competence.

I Have In My Hand (for example) a pamphlet called *Policy for Action II: The Social Policies of the Episcopal Church*. Among the dozens of items, touching every aspect of foreign and domestic policy, probably the only ones that wouldn't make it through a conference of the Nonaligned Nations are calls for the USSR to allow greater emigration and to get out of Afghanistan. Since anti-Semitism seems to be increasingly a left-wing phenomenon these days—Daniel Ortega's record, for example, is none too good—maybe we can give the Episcopal Church a few points for coming down against that, too. But if Ortega could find anything else to disagree with, it's because Episcopalians have him outflanked on the left. (If he's following Fidel's lead in the matter of civil rights for homosexuals, for instance, he risks the disapproval of the American Epis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

copal Church.)

Now, when it comes to shameless capitulation to the *Zeitgeist*, we have a way to go to catch up with some other denominations (which shall remain nameless—I'm not knocking *your* religion), but we're moving up fast on the outside, proceeding to buy the whole mess of left-wing pottage served up by *The Nation*, and calling it "prophetic."

But, then, state churches have always been notoriously worldly. And let's not be too hard on the 18th-century Church of England. Without its shortcomings, would we have had the Wesleys and, later, the Oxford Movement—or Trollope, for that matter? Any church that nurtured Samuel Johnson can't have been all bad.

Maybe in 200 years people will find something equally good to say about the 20th-century American Episcopal Church. But I doubt it. Acting like a state church only works if you *are* a state church. Postdisestablishment, you're just another voluntary organization, and the idea is widespread that members of a church ought to have some beliefs in common. Abandon orthodoxy—whatever your orthodoxy may be—and your disaffected members will defect to the competition, more or less quietly.

It's no accident that as the Episcopal Church has become more obviously concerned with the Third World than with the next world, its downward spiral in orthodoxy has been tracked by a decline in membership. (Much the same could be said—and often has been—of the other liberal Protestant churches. But you can tell me about your church some other time.) The most visible ex-Episcopalians are found in the distressingly numerous breakaway Anglican bodies, but I know others who have turned to Greek and Russian Orthodoxy, Roman Catholicism, the Southern Baptist Convention, and tennis.

So why does my family hang on and grumble? Well, I can't speak for my wife and daughters, but in my case the reason is a mixture of two parts nostalgia, one part heterodoxy, and a dash of perversity.

There is, in the first place, the splendor of the ruined Anglican liturgy, sacked and burned by indigenous barbarians in our own time. The destruction has not been complete—at least it isn't yet—and if I choose my time and place carefully, I can still find a sort of *Reader's Digest Condensed Version* of the liturgy that I and a dozen or so generations of Anglo-Irish ancestors once found as natural and as necessary as air. One crime for which I could cheerfully send the Standing Liturgical Commission to share Cranmer's fate at the stake (which would at least give them *something* in common) is their severing of a link with past and future that once meant a great deal to me.

A second reason why I don't jump ship, frankly, is that joining some other communion would make an implicit creedal statement that I'm not ready to make. So would staying home on Sundays. Remaining where I was planted makes very little statement at all, and that suits me just fine. I'm not proud of this vegetable aspect of my affiliation. Quite the contrary. I just report it because I suspect a similar inertia is more widespread than is suspected by the clergy and clericized layfolk who run the Episcopal Church. Or maybe they do know about it. Maybe they're counting on it.

Anyway, and finally, I stay an Episcopalian because even if we are seeing the death throes of historic Anglicanism, those writhings afford the opportunity for a sort of grisly humor that I hate myself in the morning for enjoying. (Who was it that observed that even Dark Ages have their compensations?)

In what other nominally Christian church, for example, could you find a leader calling on his brethren to "realistically see how polygamy can be accommodated"? The Bishop of West Buganda did just that at a recent consultation on "indigenization" held near Kampala. The accommodation of alternative life-styles is becoming something of an Anglican specialty, and one would think a church midwifed by Henry VIII shouldn't have much trouble with *that* one. I can hardly wait.

Meanwhile, indigenization continues apace here at home. A few years ago the Bishop of New York broke new ground by ordaining an out-of-the-closet homosexual to the priesthood—a lesbian, as it happens, which added to the sensation, since women

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:

Idols of the Marketplace

"If conservatism is to establish itself as the dominant philosophy of government and society, it must jettison classical liberalism. This means rediscovering a conservative view of economics, for it is only the prevalence of 'free market' economic theory that permits libertarians to exercise influence on the right."

—from "Economic Ideology and the Conservative Dilemma"
by William R. Hawkins

ALSO

Vukan Kuic explains why the art of politics always turns to tyranny

Thomas Ashton wonders about tycoons with more money than God

Thomas McDonnell looks at the last respectable novelist, Louis Auchincloss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

priests were a novelty at the time. (Bishop Moore always has been a show-off.) Since then, other bishops have more or less knowingly ordained both male and female homosexuals, and for the time being it seems to be up to individual diocesans—a sort of ecclesiastical local option.

Now, I yield to no one in my admiration for states' rights, a principle that often makes for sensible politics (as I keep saying about abortion law). But it does duck the question of right and wrong. Governments duck that question all the time, and often should, but it's an awkward habit for churches to get into. Realizing this, perhaps, our new Presiding Bishop has said that homosexuals should have "access to the ordination process," which may or may not mean—nobody seems to know—that they should be ordained.

Of course, in the nature of things, there have always been homosexual priests, but they haven't gone around forming caucuses and demanding to be heard—and heard, and heard. Will the Love That Won't Shut Up now come to figure as prominently in the politics of the Episcopal Church as in those of the Democratic Party? How could I leave a church where that question remains unresolved?

John Shelton Reed is a failed Sunday-school teacher at the Chapel of the Cross in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Straw Men and Ideologues'

The review of Kenneth Minogue's *Alien Powers* in the April issue was so different from the one I submitted that it should not have carried my by-line.

The printed version has me saying that Minogue "virtually ignores" the works of five authors. That implies that he did use them but not enough to matter. My criticism was more severe: that he did not use a whole genre of relevant works at all. To illustrate, I named nine works by six authors, none of which he cited but that overlapped his themes far more than did some works that he did cite. This selective citation enabled Minogue to claim too much originality for his book. Furthermore, of those nine works not cited by Minogue, the only one named in the printed version of the review is a book of mine; this gives the reader the impression that I consider it more important and more germane than any other. I do not. Finally, immediately following the criticism of the author's nonuse of closely related works, my own review offered another criticism entirely omitted in the printed version. It concerned Minogue's misstatements of the contents and relevance of books by Robert Tucker and Lewis Feuer. This criticism reinforced the preceding one: The first showed nonuse, the second showed misuse, of other scholars' works.

—Aileen S. Kraditor
Wellesley, Massachusetts

On McCarthy, Pro and Con

I greatly enjoyed the brilliant defense of Joseph R. McCarthy by Samuel T. Francis (*Chronicles*, September 1986). May I add one name to the list of Communists uncovered by the late Senator—Major Irving Peress, the Army dentist who was promoted *after* he had invoked the Fifth Amendment about his membership in subversive activities. It was the McCarthy Committee that brought to light the Army's gross dereliction.

Peress was honorably discharged from the Army in February of 1954, despite Senator McCarthy's demand that the dentist be court-martialed for invoking the Fifth Amendment before the McCarthy Committee when he was asked about his Communist connections.

But, as Lionel Lokos pointed out in his book *Who Promoted Peress* (New York: The Bookmailer, 1961), "Following the Peress Case, the Army practically rebuilt its security program from the ground up. . . . "

—William Francis Freehoff
Kingsport, Tennessee

God Bless Samuel T. Francis!

I state, unequivocally, that he has written the most succinct analysis of the whole gory, dripping mess which Joe McCarthy was able to "communicate to the average American" in his article in the September 1986 issue of *Chronicles*.

I suspect that should any of the "liberal elite" chance to read his most excellent article, Mr. Francis will be as vilified as Joe McCarthy.

I burn my candles for Mr. McCarthy and, like Mr. Francis, I'd rather stand beside him when the big book's closed than by those others who have willfully sold their brethren down the river.

For years before Mr. McCarthy opened his mouth in West Virginia, my wife and I, while raising five children, spent time and money striving to awaken our fellow Americans to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

true nature of atheistic Communism. We were vilified, ridiculed, harassed, etc., and it was not until Mr. McCarthy began talking that we were able to get any appreciable response to our efforts—efforts which were gleaned from HCUA documents and printed testimony of ex-Communists, readily available to any citizen.

Please extend our most profound thanks and appreciation for Mr. Francis' work, as well as for your courage in putting it in print.

—Robert W. Demors
Veneta, Oregon

"The Evil That Men Don't Do: Joe McCarthy and the American Right" by Samuel T. Francis in the September issue of *Chronicles* is the best article published in the magazine since I've been a subscriber.

The elite of The Liberal Establishment are afraid of McCarthyism because they know they are in the minority and can maintain their control of American institutions only through political manipulation.

—The Rev. Roland Thorwaldsen
Rector, St. Stephen's Parish
Beaumont, California

Once again, Sam Francis has demonstrated that he is among the most articulate and fearless polemicists of the American right. It is a source of continuing frustration to me that the left has so ably controlled the grammar of discourse that practically no Congressional conservative and few conservative authors have ever any good thing to say about Joe McCarthy. The hostility of the left to McCarthy is well justified, for he sounded the tocsin which brought the contemporary American conservative movement into existence.

On July 12, 1936, the monarchist deputy Calvo Sotelo was murdered by a Communist cadre following a speech in the Cortes in which he pointed out that the very roots of Christian civilization in Spain were being cut away by the left. This murder brought about the uprising which overthrew the Marxist government. Calvo Sotelo had many shortcomings, but I know of no Spanish man of the right who ever has a bad word to say of his memory. But Joe McCarthy was not granted the pristine purity of martyrdom by an Asalto bullet. Essentially abandoned by his Congressional colleagues, he fought on for many months, as best he could according to his lights, during which he could have saved himself by simply retreating.

It was so refreshing to hear someone finally admit that conservatives have been deluded all along about foreign policy, domestic policy, subversion, liberalism, the order of the cosmos, and anything else you care to mention.

In Spain, even under a Socialist government, the right still has Masses for the soul of Calvo Sotelo. When conservatives in the United States cease to be ashamed of Joe McCarthy, then the American right will have begun to grow up.

—James R. Thompson
Rice University

I must write to tell you how delighted I was to read the brilliant (if such a puny word can describe it) piece by Thomas Reeves on that blight on the American scene, McCarthyism. It was so refreshing to hear someone finally admit that conservatives have been deluded all along about foreign policy, domestic policy, subversion, liberalism, the order of the cosmos, and anything else you care to mention, and all because of the pernicious influence of *that* man: McCarthy. Certainly young Reeves (with a voice so fresh, he must be young) is a new star in our firmament and bears watching.

But, alas, just as I was feeling so buoyed up by that illuminating article, so convinced that (at last!) *Chronicles* had endorsed a vibrant, new voice, what did I find but a scurrilous sequel by some upstart named Francis. (I do not remember his first name and do not wish to.) I was shocked — SHOCKED!—to see evidence of such recidivism, and in the same issue that carried Dr. (*doctus*: Latin for learned) Reeves's essay. I must say, and I do not exaggerate, that I wept when I beheld this sorry performance. (As proof of my grief, I have saved my tears in vials—available on request.) Of this second article, I have nothing more to say. But this I shall say: If *Chronicles* cannot do better than that, it must offer an explanation to its readers and to history itself!

—Concerned
Lynchburg, Virginia

P.S. When will this McCarthyite disease end? Today, in a newspaper I was reading, some fellow named Grenier wrote a column implying that liberals were somehow blind to the threat of Communism; he actually suggested that they had *influenced American opinion to look favorably on Castro*. Is this not proof that the blight is still with us? I despair.

—Concerned (and indignant)

P.P.S. And who is this man Revel conservatives are always citing? Some right-wing Frenchman? *McCarthyisme Francais*? Tomorrow, the deluge.

—Concerned (and hysterical)

U.S. Postal Service
STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1A. TITLE OF PUBLICATION	1B. PUBLICATION NO.	2. DATE OF FILING
Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture	0 8 8 7 5 7 3 1	9/29/86
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: Monthly	3A. NO. OF ISSUES PUBLISHED ANNUALLY: 12	3B. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $21.00

4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION *(Street, City, County, State and ZIP+4 Code) (Not printers)*
The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main St., Rockford, Winnebago, IL 61103-7061

5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHER *(Not printer)*
The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main St., Rockford, IL 61103-7061

6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR *(This item MUST NOT be blank)*

PUBLISHER *(Name and Complete Mailing Address)*
Richard A. Vaughan, The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main St., Rockford, IL 61103

EDITOR *(Name and Complete Mailing Address)*
Thomas J. Fleming, The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main St., Rockford, IL 61103

MANAGING EDITOR *(Name and Complete Mailing Address)*
Thomas J. Fleming, The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main St., Rockford, IL 61103

7. OWNER *(If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated.) (Item must be completed.)*

FULL NAME	COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS
The Rockford Institute	934 North Main St., Rockford, IL 61103

8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES *(If there are none, so state)*

FULL NAME	COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS
none	none

9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES *(Section 422.12 DMM only)*
The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes *(Check one)*

(1) [X] HAS NOT CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS
(2) [ ] HAS CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS
(If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)

10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION *(See instructions on reverse side)*	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES *(Net Press Run)*	9,083	9,642
B. PAID AND/OR REQUESTED CIRCULATION 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	686	960
2. Mail Subscription *(Paid and/or requested)*	6,014	5,791
C. TOTAL PAID AND/OR REQUESTED CIRCULATION *(Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)*	6,700	6,751
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS SAMPLES, COMPLIMENTARY, AND OTHER FREE COPIES	1,471	1,351
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION *(Sum of C and D)*	8,171	8,102
F. COPIES NOT DISTRIBUTED 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	400	100
2. Return from News Agents	512	1,440
G. TOTAL *(Sum of E, F1 and 2--should equal net press run shown in A)*	9,083	9,642

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete
SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF EDITOR, PUBLISHER, BUSINESS MANAGER, OR OWNER
Publisher

PS Form 3526, Dec. 1985 *(See instruction on reverse)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCREEN

Star Dreck

by Sam Karnick

Cobra; directed by George P. Cosmatos; screenplay by Sylvester Stallone; Warner Bros.

Sweet Liberty; written and directed by Alan Alda.

How did America's movies ever get so *bad*?

That seems to be the $99,000 question for American film critics lately, from Siskel and Ebert to *American Film* to *New York Times* critic Vincent Canby, right on down to your local small-town newspaper. What's wrong with Hollywood today, and how can we—the Concerned Critics of America—put it right?

Summer is a bad time of year for most film critics. The movies are actually no worse than they are during the rest of the year, but they're bad in ways the critics don't like. Many of the releases are frankly juvenile, as is true throughout the rest of the year, but the ones released in the summer, when the kids are out of school, often make tremendous amounts of money. This sorely offends most critics, who envision an America composed of devotees of *Shoah*, *Ginger and Fred*, and the works of Ranier Werner Fassbinder.

To be sure, some of these critics are being disingenuous, because what *really* bothers them is the politics of the films: the fact that audiences are flocking to see *Rocky IV*, *White Nights*, *Top Gun*, and the like, while avoiding critical favorites such as *Stranger Than Paradise*, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, and *Desert Hearts*. But that doesn't bother *me*.

The real problem with Hollywood lies elsewhere, and it won't be solved easily. The problems have to do with the economic structure of the Hollywood studios, and, as might be expected, Washington has had a lot to do with bringing them on. Since the late 1940's, when all of Hollywood's major studios signed a consent decree with the Justice Department—under threat of antitrust prosecution—the Hollywood studios have been forbidden to own theaters in which to show their product. What this accomplished, in conjunction with other factors such as the coming of television and changes in the tax code, was the utter destruction of the old Hollywood studio system which had resulted in the almost-universally acknowledged "Golden Age" of Hollywood cinema, the 1930's and 40's.

Without a guaranteed outlet for their products, the studios have since then been forced to woo theater owners, especially the all-important foreign markets, with splashy concepts, superstar actors, remakes, sequels, nudity, violence, and whiz-bang special effects. Anything, that is, besides good stories, innovation, and serious ideas. It's easy to chart the progression from the 1950's, when there was still a vestige of narrative sense in the average Hollywood film—leftover in the work of filmmakers trained during Hollywood's heyday—through the disorganized slop of the 1960's and the self-indulgent "artistry" and exploitation of the 70's, to the extremism and aimlessness of contemporary films.

But it would be foolish to blame the distributors, exhibitors, producers, or filmmakers for this situation. They are simply reacting rationally to a seriously distorted market. Producers can't get their films made if they can't get a studio to distribute them; distributors can't make money off their films if they can't get theater owners to rent them; and theater owners can only rent films which they feel stand a good chance of making money—i.e., films with elements with a good track record—stars, effects, etc.

If their behavior results in bad films, they can hardly be blamed for trying to make the best of a bad situation. A look at a couple of recent major releases provides a good illustration of how Hollywood's warped economic structure works to create bad films.

On the surface, *Sweet Liberty* and *Cobra* couldn't be more different. Nor could their stars, Alan Alda and Sylvester Stallone. What is hidden by their differences in style and temperament, however, is their one all-important similarity: They are both bankable actors.

"Bankable," in Hollywood parlance, refers to a performer or property—such as a best-selling novel—a producer can take to investors and be assured of getting the money to go ahead with the project. Properties become bankable, of course, by making money. Both Stallone and Alda have made money for previous investors—Stallone much more than Alda, of course—and so both are bankable.

Now, if a producer has a bankable novel and raises money on that basis, he's in a very good position—"swimming in gravy," in Hollywood parlance—because a book never loses its temper and walks off the set; never calls in sick until it gets its way; never insists on approval of directors, writers, and co-stars; never needs a sumptuously appointed trailer in which to get dressed; never insists the payroll be packed with its relatives, etc., etc., etc. And, most important of all, a book *never, ever* insists on tampering with the finished screenplay.

But stars do. And they get their way. Because once a film goes into production, work is on a very tight schedule which can cost upwards of $100,000 a day. And if the star walks off the set, the crew can't shoot. So the producers give him—or sometimes her—his way.

And end up with a film like *Cobra*. There is hardly a moment in *Cobra* in which Sylvester Stallone is not on-screen, gnawing on a matchstick and mumbling words of wisdom. Furthermore, none of the other characters are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever given a chance to develop an identity strong enough to distract attention from the star. Instead, they are given totems: Cobretti's best friend eats junk food; the Girl, played by Stallone's wife, Brigitte Nielsen, is a fashion model; the bad guys wear leather jackets, ride motorcycles, and clink axes together in some sort of unexplained daily ritual; and Cobretti's rival cop continually tells him he's a loose cannon and should shape up.

Stallone as Cobretti is so good he's insufferable—a combination of Dirty Harry, Groucho Marx, and James Q. Wilson. Yet this cheerful do-gooder is the same man who later pours gasoline on one of the bad guys, drops a lighted match on him, and quips, "You have the right to remain silent."

It's not surprising that little drama can be generated by such characters: Who cares what happens to them? Stallone attempts to make up for the obvious lack of suspense by inserting a ludicrous chase scene or fistfight every few minutes, but it doesn't help. At the same time, the director amuses himself by packing the film with allusions to other movies, but with no discernible purpose.

In *Sweet Liberty*, Alan Alda makes another attempt to recover the spirit of old-fashioned romantic comedy (cf. his 1981 release, *The Four Seasons*). But for romance to work, we have to care about the characters, and in *Sweet Liberty* there's little to inspire affection. Alda offers his supporting players no more leeway than Stallone does, and the characters are no more well-rounded: Michael Caine plays a vain, lecherous movie star; Michelle Pfeiffer a manipulative seductress; the usually reliable Bob Hoskins a fawning screenwriter; and Lillian Gish, in a truly appalling role, plays Alda's aged senile mother. Alda, while momentarily seduced by the Hollywood glamour introduced into his North Carolina hometown, eventually proves his intellectual and moral superiority over everyone else in the film—except his girlfriend, whose goodness and devotion serve to make him look even better.

Alda succumbs to the temptation to inflate his part. As a college professor whose book on the Revolutionary War is being filmed as a comedy in his hometown, Alda conspires to get the cast to do the film's climactic scene his way—the "right" way, of course. The scene turns out great, and even the film's director, heretofore his sworn enemy, is pleased.

This dubious business, furthermore, is in the service of an extremely dubious proposition: that freedom is the essential element of American society and any greatness we have ever achieved. No doubt, many people would be willing to argue for the importance of such other things as respect for the family, the prevalence of religious belief, and the emphasis on local issues over national ones, but it really doesn't seem very important to argue against frivolous nonsense.

The conclusion is inescapable that these films would have turned out quite differently had their producers had a choice. But big stars exert tremendous power in Hollywood, and it takes a lot of luck, tenacity, and conviction for a producer to buck the system. Some have it, and they make good films. Stallone himself has appeared in several good pictures. But most, as in any other industry, are neither geniuses nor persons of extraordinary character. It's not their fault if the medium they work in is subject to distorted market forces which make it extremely difficult for them to do their best work. And the stars can hardly be blamed for thinking they know better than their writers, directors, and producers. But a market system imposed from outside to remedy ills which haven't been felt for over 30 years is foolish, archaic, and unnecessary.

There is evidence that the big studios are finally beginning to hack away at the effects of the consent decree by buying theaters, television stations, and cable channels. These are probably necessary moves: The moviegoing audience is moving increasingly to cable and cassettes, where they can get the same films at a lower price. But the Hollywood studios can still save themselves by responding wisely to the challenges of their changing marketplace. That is, if Washington will let them.

Sam Karnick is a screenwriter who lives in Madison, Wisconsin.

TELEVISION

Factious Fundamentalists

by Janet Scott Barlow

To judge by the tone, content, and amount of recent media coverage of Protestant Fundamentalism in general and television evangelists in particular, Fundamentalists are a collection of interchangeable religious parts that have grouped themselves into a united cultural force which grows stronger and more indivisible by the week. But the conclusion is incorrect because the information that supports it is skewed or incomplete. The fact is, Fundamentalists are sort of like pickles: They all start out as cucumbers, but after that it's Heinz 57 Varieties. What's more, the gherkins aren't always willing to share shelf space with the dills, and vice versa.

Nearly every variety of Fundamentalism is presented on religious television, and only victims of predetermined expectations or doctrinal illiteracy could decide that these varieties form either the makings or the product of a single batch. Under the Fundamentalist label are Positive Confessionists and Back to the Crossers, pre-Tribbers and post-Tribbers, will-of-God seekers and will-of-God knowers, prophesiers and false-prophesy denouncers.

Among the major television figures there is Paul Crouch, founder of TBN, who, called to use the "miracle of satellite" to bathe the world in Christian programming, schedules two "Praise-A-Thons" a year for that purpose, thus sparing viewers constant entreaties for money. There is Pat Robertson, the answered prayer of many Pentecostals, possessor of a Yale Law School degree, a personal political agenda, and the gift of tongues (take *that*, secular humanists). There is Jim Bakker of PTL whose daily talk show is an ongoing Christian soap opera, his personal vehicle for showcasing his latest project, begging money for his latest project, or lamenting his persecution by the enemies of his latest project. There is Jerry Falwell, who delivers political lectures in the guise of sermons. There is James

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robison, the skillful Baptist preacher who currently is bringing his We *Must* Stop Judging One Another message to Spirit-filled Pentecostals, along with the irrepressible reminder that *he* has "never spoken in tongues in [his] life" (talk about your gherkins and dills).

There are Oral Roberts, faith-healing and Seed Faith pioneer, Okie handsome in his finely tailored suits, refreshing in his lack of malice (he really *does* seem able to love his enemies), and Richard, Oral's over-eager, over-earnest, equally well-tailored son and successor. There is Kenneth Copeland, loose, slick, and effective, the one-note leader of the claim-your-miracle Positive Confession movement. In the same category, if not in the same league, is Robert "Success-N-Life" Tilton, proud owner of a designer haircut, a frighteningly animated face, and endless Scriptural evidence that God's just itching to make you rich. Aside from a common theological starting point and readily available cassette-taped "interpretations" of everything in the Bible, what these men appear to have most in common is a compulsion to present Pat Boone repeatedly as a guest on their programs.

Finally, with his televised crusades and his daily program, "A Study in the Word," is the blue-ribbon winner, the repository of all secret ingredients of God's Word, Jimmy Swaggart. Remember that name.

In the past, worldly observers looked upon the forerunners of these men (in some cases, the men themselves, e.g., Oral Roberts) with amusement or disgust. Aided in their reactions to some extent—but not totally—by the preachers themselves, skeptics saw an aberrant collection of (usually Southern) religious crackpots and cultural misfits. Smug and comfortable with this stereotype, figuring they knew all there would ever be to know, these (usually liberal) religious and cultural sophisticates dozed off. By the time they woke up, television evangelists had got smart and their ministries had got rich.

The accomplishments of some evangelists are enough to have roused anyone. Among other things, these men have created successful television networks, built enormous tourist attractions, and founded accredited universities. In the process, they have adapted skillfully to the medium of television, learned the latest marketing and direct mail techniques, acquired state-of-the-art computer technology, gained devoted followings, raked in massive amounts of money, and discovered that all of the above just might be used not only to win souls but to affect national political and social policy as well. The rejoicing you hear is from Fundamentalists celebrating their discovery. The howl is from liberals awakening to their nightmare.

To fight the new Fundamentalist bogeyman, liberals are using the only means they know: circular thinking. (Circular thinking happens to be a trait liberals and Fundamentalists share. Propelling themselves by similar methods of thought while moving in completely different orbits, they manage to drive each other crazy without ever getting near one another.) It has been decided that if television evangelists don't believe what they're preaching (a presumption nearly perfect in its cynicism), they're dangerous; and if they *do* believe that stuff they preach (an attitude nearly perfect in its arrogance), they're still dangerous. Whether frauds or fanatics—the only choices allowed—they victimize their audiences by turning them into givers, or believers, or both. Too righteously indignant to understand that victims exist only when they are *self*-declared, these critics are naturally too predisposed to get much past the presentation, the *look*, of Fundamentalist theology.

Against the pageantry and scholarly traditions and ageless rituals of some other religions, Fundamentalism sits in the hinterlands like an unfinished lean-to inhabited by squatters. Easy to miss is the fact that the place is perfectly designed—it makes its own kind of perfect religious sense—once you step inside. Inside are the Fundamentals, the givens, from Original Sin, to atonement at Calvary, to the promised Second Coming (and several more in between)—all of which rest within and are verified by the unquestioned literal truth of the Bible, the Word of the Living God. Instead of getting close enough to take a look at what's so simple and self-contained—no one's forcing them to *live* there—the intellectually pristine and the politically wary spend their energy issuing pompous and empty demands that the whole place either be condemned or brought up to code.

In avoiding exploration of the common ground shared by all Fundamentalists, their critics are left ignorant of the differences in doctrine and practice that divide Fundamentalism's various denominations. How long have you got? For at this point, one man's Truth becomes another man's heresy. At this point, things become complicated and disputatious—and revealing. And Fundamentalism's present and future status as a cultural and political force can be evaluated accurately only through what is revealed in its divisions and conflicts. This fact escapes opponents of the Fundamentalist movement, who have chosen, even in their fury (because of their fury?), to stick with the tidy assumption that if you've heard one Bible-thumper, you've heard them all.

The first and major bylaw of Fundamentalists is *I know that I know that I know*. The second is *In the world but not of it*. The thing is, what Fundamentalists know that they know that they know has always varied dramatically from denomination to denomination (even within denominations), and their recent political activities in the world have betrayed suspicious signs of these divisions. Sensing in their newfound collective political influence a remedy for their long-standing status as cultural rejects, some ambitious Fundamentalists are engaged in a mighty effort to forget their contentious history, the history that dooms the very attempts at unity it makes desirable. In short, a group that is defined as much by its differences as by its similarities is trying to unite around a common agenda by putting aside a common past. As easy to teach close-order drill to a swarm of hornets. For in this crowd it is guaranteed that there will always be at least one guy, tail up and stinger out, knowing what he knows, no matter what.

Which brings us back to Jimmy Swaggart.

A born preacher and a down-home Pentecostal, Swaggart's as good as they come and as tough as they get. When he interrupts himself to declare "*Man*, that's good preaching," he merely speaks the truth. And when he hun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kers down, offering a tight smile and the warning "I'm not here to serve up some nice religious dainties," he's not joking. While others are called to set America back on a moral path, or to preach forgiveness, or to teach the Prosperity Message, Jimmy Swaggart's mission is simpler: He is here to call sin by its name. Since sin does not confine itself to the unsaved only, he also runs a thriving side business in exposing backsliders. Working *I know that I know that I know* in both directions, Swaggart finds as much sin and wrongheadedness within the flock as he finds within "the world." Thus he manages to discomfit fellow believers and infuriate nonsubscribers at the same time.

Aggressively fearless, he jumps up and down on questions most evangelists won't even approach (in public, anyway). Can the born-again lose their salvation? Yes, indeed, because "you're not going to be raptured out of some honky-tonk." Will Mother Teresa's good works get her into heaven? No sir, just check the Bible. (Reaction to Swaggart's Mother Teresa remark was interesting. While Catholics were understandably offended, right behind them in the outrage department was a collection of nonreligious meddlers who, having either rejected or outgrown any personal religious commitment, nevertheless decided that if there *were* such a place as heaven, it would have to be an affirmative-action sort of deal where no soul would suffer exclusion for any reason.)

More than one observer has charged Jimmy Swaggart with ignorance, the expression of uncultured thoughts in crude terms. It's true that he has an untutored mind. And it's true that when he strays too far from the language of the Bible or the vocabulary of his native Louisiana, he can be unintentionally colorful, as when he says "you-bel-int" for *ebullient* and pronounces *rampant* with ferocious emphasis on the last syllable. (What he does to the names of certain Russian "Comminists" is past description.) But in this case, the accusation of ignorance misses the point. And, in this case, it can be directed back at the accusers. For Fundamentalism *means* turning away from "the things of the world," one of which happens to be the *open-minded* investigation of human knowledge and ideas. To take offense at this is to get miffed that a jar of pickles is not a can of stew. "Where are the carrots and potatoes?" they keep huffing. "Where is the meat?!" Read the label, folks.

Jimmy Swaggart knows that he is not an intellectual stew. Jimmy Swaggart knows a lot of things. Starting and stopping with the Word, beginning and ending at the Cross, Jimmy Swaggart knows what is not "of God." He also knows that he himself has "never cooled off, never plan[s] to cool off" and that the only religion worth anything is one that "makes you so miserable you can't eat, sleep, rest, or think." Possessing an ignorance of no relevance, he rounds things out with an edged and quirky native intelligence that serves his calling perfectly. This particular combination makes him far more dangerous to the ambitions of his fellow Fundamentalists than to the intellectual standards of his outraged critics.

A born preacher and a down-home Pentecostal, Jimmy Swaggart's as good as they come and as tough as they get. When he interrupts himself to declare "Man, that's good preaching," he merely speaks the truth. And when he hunkers down, offering a tight smile and the warning "I'm not here to serve up some nice religious dainties," he's not joking.

In their book *The Seduction of Christianity*, Fundamentalists Dave Hunt and T.A. McMahon have labeled Possibility Thinking and Positive Confession "sorcery" and have traced both movements—which are sweeping many Fundamentalist circles—to roots in the occult. Jimmy Swaggart takes a more direct route to *his* rejection of such practices, stating simply and flatly that they are "beyond the Cross"; that they are "a device of Satan"; that they lead to "nothing but backsliding"; that, finally, "If it's not in the Bible, I don't want it." Either way, the sparks are beginning to fly over this one, and they will fly over many more issues. While Jimmy Swaggart is obviously not the only purist spoiler in the ranks, he is without doubt the best-known, the most relentless, and the least restrained. To quote the man himself, "When I go to kill a snake, I don't spread a tablecloth and lay out silverware." Pity the snakes, for his weapon of choice is . . . "an ax."

Paul Crouch hosts discussions of rock 'n' roll's "satanic influence" on teenage sex, suicide, and devil worship, then follows these shows with "contemporary Christian" video programs whose look and sound are indistinguishable from those of MTV. Jimmy Swaggart knows not only that rock 'n' roll is an abomination, but that contemporary Christian music is merely rock 'n' roll in disguise, yet another insidious trick of Satan to turn believers into (you guessed it) backsliders.

Jim Bakker, not satisfied with his opulent "Christian retreat center" and his new $10 million water park, is now planning an amusement park featuring a River of Life ride that will take Christian fun-seekers first to Heaven ("in quadraphonic sound"), and then to Hell (with "eyeballs melting out of their sockets"). Objective observers might call this plan vulgar, and they might be right. But at least one very nonobjective observer—the one who's never cooled off—knows more. He knows that all such amusements are likely to pull the faithful from their prayer closets; that none of them are designed to make Christians so miserable that they "can't eat, sleep, rest, or think" (though they would do the trick for me).

And then there are the religious politicians who, lured by greater political influence, might be tempted to soft-pedal their beliefs and double-talk their way into wider political acceptance. Very risky with a man like Jimmy Swaggart around, a man with an ax, a man who not only counts the means as important as the end, but who believes the means *determine* the end.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

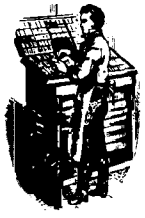
Jimmy Swaggart is a moral bully. But he's an honest moral bully, upfront, disguising nothing. He is his own show, an anointed man of God and, not incidentally, an American. As such, he exercises both his duty as a preacher and his rights as a citizen by telling others what God thinks. The ones who disagree, believing that God doesn't talk to Jimmy only, or that God doesn't talk to Jimmy at all, or that God doesn't exist—these people, being equally convinced of their rights, stand fast and return the force. An example of America coming back on itself—to no real effect, but to no harm, either.

The people about to be affected are true believers, the Fundamentalists who have set about doctoring the old religious recipes—a little of this, a dash of that—with a fervor. In their creativity, they might remind themselves of one thing: Jimmy Swaggart never has Pat Boone as a guest on his programs. And agitated nonbelievers might do themselves a favor to learn why such a fact has significance.

But don't hold your breath.

Janet Scott Barlow covers popular culture from her home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

TYPEFACES



The Pope and the Press

by Joseph Schwartz

When the Extraordinary Synod of the Roman Catholic Church ended (December 1985), thousands of words were written about the event by religious journalists of every variety. More interesting, however, from a rhetorical point of view, was the pre-Synod journalism; it provides an excellent illustration of the not-uncommon attempt of the press to formulate the agenda of public events, not merely to report or to comment on them. In the United States, certain religious journals hoped to influence the agenda of the Synod, and failing that, to prejudice their audience against what the Synod might teach.

The strategy is not new. If, for instance, these journalists are warned that the new Canon Law will insist on Catholic universities being Catholic and not something else, they will be sure that before the Canons are promulgated they have published the reasons why they will not (cannot) work in this country, heading the Vatican off at the pass, as it were. With respect to the Extraordinary Synod, *America* and *Commonweal*, among others, provided excellent samples of this cowboy journalism.

A number of bishops and a variety of clerical opinion-shapers share the hope of creating an American Catholic Church with much closer ties to modernism, to the contemporary secular scene—a liberal Church which understands the nature of power and which will devote itself, at least for a while, to the things of this world as its primary end. While retaining a nostalgic tie to Rome, it will do things in the American way. The partisans of such a notion read the documents of Vatican II to have been a call for a horizontal church, a confederation of local churches. Hence, *The National Catholic Reporter* printed a warning that the Synod had better not turn back the clock on Vatican II reforms. In *Commonweal*, Gregory Baum, the spokesman for liberal optimism, warned the Church to give up its "tragic, oppressive, self-defeating bureaucratic centralism" if it wanted to remain true to "the decentralizing collegial tradition" affirmed by Vatican II.

In their attempt to influence the agenda of the Synod, Catholic journalists brought up two items more than any others: (1) the authority of the Universal Church must be substantively changed because of the concept of collegiality; (2) episcopal conferences must be recognized as having theological status and juridical authority. Msgr. George C. Higgins noted the linkage between these two concepts when writing in *America* that episcopal conferences were a logical corollary to the principle of collegiality, calling this one of the central issues that needed "to be aired without hindrance at the synod." His views enjoyed the protection of the large umbrella of James M. Malone, president of the National Conference of Bishops, who announced in *America* that he was going to Rome to share with the Synod his "profound conviction that our experience . . . with an episcopal conference has been on the whole a very positive one." Bishop Malone also felt that a "communal concept of the church" is more in keeping with "the needs and dispositions of the contemporary scene. Her collegiality is central."

The attack on the authority of the Universal Church by Ladislas Orsy, S.J., was more broadly based. While he did indeed feel that giving greater scope and freedom to episcopal councils the world over would be a step in the right direction, the really progressive thing would be to find a way to release the energy of the people of God by opening their minds in a way that Canon Law does not now offer them the opportunity to do. New structures are needed to allow the laity to voice their insights, to protect them (from whom?), and to involve the bishops "much more" in the government of the Church. In his contribution, Avery Dulles, S.J., described the sta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tus of episcopal conferences as the one issue that can scarcely be avoided. His warnings were more oblique: The principle of subsidiarity must be safeguarded and regionalism encouraged.

Rev. Charles E. Curran, currently under fire from the Holy Office, was the most candid of *America*'s commentators, having less rhetorical deftness (or caution?) than Orsay or Dulles. Since there is no longer, he asserted, one perennial theology, the Church must be willing to live with far greater pluralism and diversity. The true test of collegiality occurs when a bishop tells the Pope that he is wrong. Monika Hellwig's sober, dogged hope for the Synod was based on episcopal conferences because they are concerned with the "real issues of the redemption of the world," e.g., peace and disarmament, questions which do not have a "narrow churchiness about them." Michael J. Buckley, S.J., justified the Americanization of religious life over the past 20 years, praising native charisma as "an absolute essential for apostolic mission." The needs of the local church should be a major norm for the shape a seminary assumes, was the opinion of his fellow Jesuit, Brian O. McDermott.

One looks in vain in the numberless pre-Synod articles in the religious press for references to Christ and the Holy Spirit in the list of expectations advanced and proposed. The discussions were so narrow as to have been more appropriately printed in journals of method and management. The suspicion that American seminaries have been teaching little more than sociology for some time now seems to be warranted. Perhaps it is well to remember that it was just 80 years ago that Rome warned the U.S. Bishops that "Americanism" confused the natural and the supernatural.

What the Extraordinary Synod actually preached, we know now, was quite the opposite of what the American journalists had suggested. It affirmed the Universal Church as mystery in Christ and communion in the word of God. It affirmed Vatican II by placing the council within the living tradition of the Church from which it got its authority, "the Church itself being the same in all councils." It warned against the Church being reduced to methodology, organization, or the vocabulary of power. It affirmed the one and universal Church as existing in all particular churches which are formed into one image of Christ because of its universality. The Synod fathers reminded their fellow bishops throughout the world that collegiality based on love is far superior to juridical collegiality. The status of episcopal conferences will have to be studied in the light of the good of the Universal Church and the unalienable responsibility of the individual bishop to his own diocese.

In his closing address, John Paul II extolled "in the first place" the recommendation of the Synod that a universal, normative catechism of the whole of Catholic teaching be prepared. In addition to its profound theological significance, the Pope's emphasis was a brilliant rhetorical flourish which only the blind could not see or the deaf could not hear. Or the *willful*, and on that word the short-term future of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States will turn.

Joseph Schwartz is professor of English at Marquette University.

Should old *Chronicles* be forgot, and never brought to mind?

Absolutely not! In fact, our bet is that readers like you would relish an opportunity to catch up on the extraordinary issues of *Chronicles* you've had the misfortune to miss.

So, for you, the new subscriber wanting more of a good thing (or you, the long-time reader eager to share your favorite *Chronicles* with fellow cognoscenti), we happily offer a collection of recent back issues. Supplies are limited, so rush your order to us today!

Title		Qty.	Amt.
☐ **Popular Wisdom** Steven Goldberg on the truth in stereotypes and Thomas Molnar on the anatomy of cliches.	$2.50	____	____
☐ **Personal Fireworks: Modern Times/Modern Art** John Aldridge on the novel and the imperial self; John Sisk on drugs, censorship, and Hollywood; Janet Barlow on the Bob Greeneing of America; and Andrei Navrozov on the art of Colleen Browning.	$2.50	____	____
☐ **The Tower of Babel: The American Nation in an International World** Samuel Francis and Thomas Reeves on the McCarthy legacy; Inga Karetnikova and Igor Golomstock on Big Brother's portraits.	$2.00	____	____
☐ **The Spiral Staircase: Evolution and Man** Edward O. Wilson on genetic determinism and morality; Stanley Jaki on the moral legacy of Darwin.	$2.00	____	____
☐ **Amber Waves of Grain** Fred Chappell on the poet and the plowman; Andrei Navrozov on artist Igor Galanin.	$2.00	____	____
☐ **Sexual Politicking** Thomas Fleming on old Adam, new Eve; George Gilder on dames, defense, and democracy; Carol McMillan on mothers and others.	$2.00	____	____
☐ **A House Divided** Admiral James Stockdale on POW ethics; Russell Kirk on the perils of ideology.	$2.00	____	____
☐ **Counting the Ways: The World, the Flesh, and the Social Sciences** Robert Nisbet on the uses of tradition; John Shelton Reed on survey sociology; and Irving Louis Horowitz on the doctors and the bomb.	$2.00	____	____

*Postage and handling included in issue price. **Total Amount Due:*** ____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

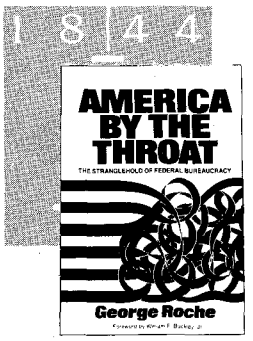
Chronicles • 934 North Main Street • Rockford, IL • 61103

CBI1286

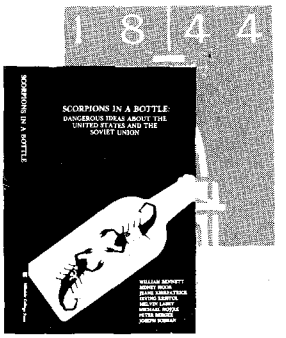
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HILLSDALE COLLEGE

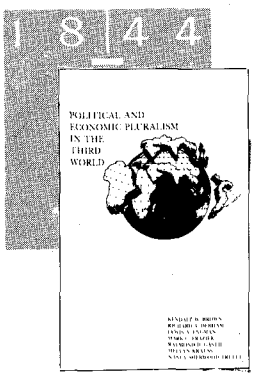
HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN 49242



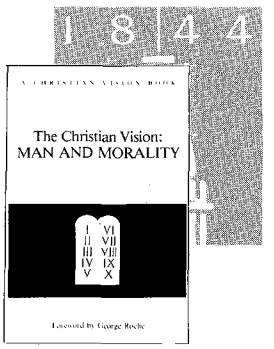
A devastating account of bureaucratic growth by Hillsdale College President George Roche, former chairman of the government's National Council on Educational Research.



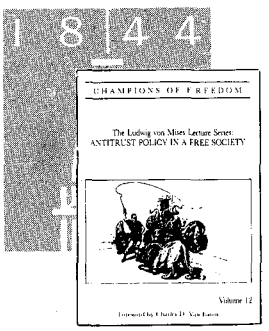
William Bennett
Peter Berger, Sidney Hook,
Jeane Kirkpatrick, Irving Kristol,
Melvin Lasky, Michael Novak,
and Joseph Sobran



Kendall Brown
Richard Derham
Lewis Engman,
Mark Frazier,
Raymond Gastil, Melvyn Krauss, and
Nancy Sherwood Truitt,



J. Brian Benestad,
Thomas Burke, Carl Henry,
James Hitchcock, Leonard Liggio,
Ron Nash, John Reist, and
Keith Yandell



D.T.Armentano,
Yale Brozen,
David Button and Tim Ozenne,
Joseph Reed, and
F.M.Scherer

Each **$5.00 in paperback**

To order or inquire about quantity discounts, call or write:
HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS HILLSDALE COLLEGE HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN 49242
517/437/7341

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED